

February 1987

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



**ANTHONY  
BURGESS AT  
SEVENTY**

**BEHIND THE  
ANTI-CRIME  
BOOM**

**A POLAR  
BEAR HUNT**

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## BLOTS ON THE LANDSCAPE

40 buildings Londoners want to demolish

**HIGHLIGHTS**  
Guide to what's on  
in London



# HAVING DISPOSED OF THE LANDSCAPE, SHE CREATED A LITTLE SPACE FOR THE ORCHIDS.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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by Victor Watts

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## HIGHLIGHTS

# TOUR DE FORCE

CATHERINE STOTT

The woman who would be Lillian Hellman

The radical in Lillian Hellman would have loved it, being portrayed in the West End by an actress who is a member of the Worker's Revolutionary Party, in a dramatization of her autobiographical works... directed by another Party member. And not just any old revolutionaries, but Frances de la Tour and Corin Redgrave—both recently unsuccessful candidates for Equity's council.

The lugubrious features of Frances de la Tour should be settling into a smile of ironic relish, too, as *Lillian* by William Luce arrives at the Fortune on February 6 after some successful Sunday try-outs, giving her the chance to play yet another political maverick to a wide audience.

Always the maverick herself, de la Tour, 42, spent 10 years funding examples of the most alternative theatre out of her massively successful appearances in the cult sit-com *Rising Damp* with Leonard Rossiter. And as the television millions lovingly preserved her like a fly forever in amber as the gauche, coy spinster Miss Jones, she was all the while cocking a snook at her fame by playing Hamlet in the East End or peeing into a bucket at The Bush.

Being a celebrity, she recently mused in that sonorous voice, was "something cold and rather horrible that goes off on its own without you. One was being praised, or rather celebrated, for some-

thing that was only half the story." Hence the tandem years until that searing performance as a cruelly disabled violinist in Tom Kempinski's *Duet for One*, which won every award in the book.

The anger, the frustration, the grief she so mesmerically conveyed are similarly called upon in *Lillian*. There, she is alone throughout on stage, a bitter middle-aged woman sitting outside the room where her wayward love of 30 years, the writer Dashiell Hammett, lies dying. The Sunday audiences were audibly moved by her laconic, coolly grieving Hellman. Victims and plain women are her forte when she is not playing light comedy. (She was the RSC's resident low comedienne for six years but says she left when it was apparent that she wasn't going to be the high comedienne she wished... and no Beatrice, Rosalind nor Viola was going to come her way.)

It has been said of de la Tour that she may not be beautiful but she can act beautiful. Hellman was plain as a pikestaff and de la Tour admits that playing a lot of plain women hurts her. But, rationalizing, "I don't give a damn if I'm ugly on stage. Sometimes it's important to be able to be so. It is all to do with the ugliness of what is happening. In a way this has to marry physically. Even your language becomes coarser because of what you are expressing."

Hot from *Brighton Beach Memoirs* at the National (playing another victim), she has just filmed her brother Andy's TV play *Clem* which, since it is partly autobiographical, gave her the odd experience of playing her own mother. And after *Lillian* a rest perhaps from the plain and the victimized? "After top-of-the-pile tragedy I'd like to do top-of-the-pile comedy. Boulevard comedy doesn't fascinate me at all, Shakespeare comedy does. Kate in the *Shrew*—and Cleopatra is very funny in its many-sided way." With her gift for acting beautiful she could be an inspired choice.

Join the hopping  
in Gerrard Street  
on February 1 to greet  
Chinese New Year—  
the year of the  
rabbit—from 11.40am.



JANE BOWN/OBSERVER



RONALD PAYNE

# ...AND BE DAMNED

It is not difficult to understand what tempted Hamish Hamilton to trawl from the depths of Papa Hemingway's sea graveyard of manuscripts his unknown novel *Garden of Eden*, published on February 9. The manuscript was lost for a while, always considered satisfactory by publishers with news sense. The master worked on it spasmodically between 1940 and 1956, about the same time that he was writing his remarkable book, *The Old Man and the Sea*.

What really excited them was that *Garden of Eden* seemed different from his other novels—less warlike and macho. It starts with a honeymoon in Spain and, in the language of the "blurb" writer, explores the problems of sexual identity, with role reversals and a sensational touch of lesbianism. Just right for the 1980s!

The manuscript had been "edited down" by Random House, the American publishers. Last year Granada brought out *The Dangerous Summer* by the same author. This previously unpublished work had also been worked over.

The publishers, judging by their "blurbs", seem to be trying to take advantage of the Hemingway name as a latter-day money-spinner. A question certainly arises about the motivation of publishing houses who rehash the more obscure works of undoubted best-selling authors simply to titillate the customers. In some cases it is obvious that their interest is that of the market place rather than of the scholar's study.

One further literary relic also emerged in the new year. On January 9 Picador-Pan put out a hitherto unpublished fragment by Vladimir Nabokov 10 years after his death. *The Enchanter*, billed as "His Long-Lost Novel", in fact consisted originally of only 55 typewritten sheets. In order to form a slim 127 pages priced at £8.95 the publishers have added a long introduction by his son, Dmitri. According to the publishers it is the "literary treasure of the season". The word treasure, I suspect, gives a clue to the publisher's thinking. *Garden of Eden* by Ernest Hemingway (Hamish Hamilton £9.95); *The Enchanter* by Vladimir Nabokov (Picador-Pan £8.95).



ROGER BERTHOUD

## PRIZE ARTISTS

A shortlist of eight chase £25,000

The Athena Art Award, now in its second year, might be called "Not the Turner Prize". At £25,000 for the winner, it is £15,000 bigger than the flak-ridden Turner, and is awarded for a specific painting rather than for some notional "greatest contribution" to British art.

The judges, chaired by Bryan Robertson, are of sensibly progressive rather than modishly international views. Even so, the Athena's debut last year, when John Bellamy and Paul Huxley (admirable choices) shared the main prize, also attracted criticism. Making entrants sur-

render reproduction rights on works submitted was considered greedy, and that stipulation has been dropped.

This year's winning work will be announced on February 10, chosen from a shortlist of eight paintings by John Hoyland, Stephen Farthing, Adam Gray, Basil Beattie, Eileen Lawrence, Alan Miller, Lawrence Preece (*The Green Man*, acrylic on canvas, pictured above) and Pam Skelton.

*Exhibition of entries: Feb 11-March 8. Concourse Gallery, Barbican, EC2. Mon-Sat 11am-8pm, Sun noon-8pm.*

Robert Maxwell's  
*London Daily News*  
is due to hit the

streets on February 24. It is Britain's first 24 hour newspaper with five editions planned, starting with an overnight "gold top" edition in competition with the dailies and presenting a major late afternoon challenge to the *London Evening Standard*.





JOHN WILLIAMS

# TOP DOGS

For the first time in its century-long history, Crufts Dog Show will span four days. Faced with overcrowding and yet unwilling to upset exhibitors by making the qualification for entry more stringent, the Kennel Club decided to extend its annual jamboree at Earls Court this month. There will be more dogs and more breeds (150) than ever before, though not all present on the same day.

Classified separately for the first time are eight breeds which have not yet been approved for Champion status. These are, in general, the more recent arrivals in this country, dogs such as Italian Spinones, Anatolian shepherd dogs, Alaskan Malamutes and Japanese Akitas. Hitherto included in the melting pot of "Any Other Variety", each breed is increasing in popularity.

The Kennel Club, which organizes Crufts and, with few exceptions, legislates for all other canine beauty shows, has very recently completed an exercise intended to curb undesirable extremes in pedigree dog breeding. Steady criticism



NICK SHARRATT

from the veterinary profession has influenced some revision of standards.

The eyes of the bloodhound, for example, should no longer be "deeply sunk in the orbits, the lids assuming a lozenge or diamond shape". The ideal is now described as "neither sunken nor prominent" and the lids as "oval in shape". Similarly the Kennel Club no longer encourages the skull of the bulldog to be "the larger the better". Some changes have been resisted by breeders and it will be several years before the results of the new wordings become apparent in the dogs themselves.

An Airedale Terrier from Italy (but of solid British breeding) was Best-in-Show last year. The current Dog of the Year, a Kerry Blue Terrier, is also Italian. No one, however, lays odds as to which of the many thousands of pure-bred dogs that have won their way to Crufts will be selected as Supreme Champion 1987.

No fewer than 130 highly experienced judges of dogs will be involved in the process—but judging is subjective, based on opinion rather than performance. Hopes may be voiced, forecasts never.

*Crufts. February 12-15. Earls Court, SW5. 8.30am-7.30pm.*

BRIAN SIBLEY

# THE PHANTOMS

Reviving Mervyn Peake's imagination

Visitors to London's Royal Festival Hall from February 16 will encounter some of the grotesque and beautiful creatures which inhabited the strange imagination of artist and writer Mervyn Peake. As well as sketches and paintings, this exhibition will feature examples of Peake's illustra-

tions for books such as *Treasure Island*, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* (pictured, left) and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, as well as for his own dark novels telling the history of Titus Groan and the bizarre realm of Gormenghast.

Mervyn Peake was born in 1911 in China, where his father was working as a medical missionary. After his family's return to England, Peake studied at the Royal Academy Schools and then joined the colony of artists on the island of Sark, which later provided the setting for his novel, *Mr Pye*.

Back in London, he established a reputation as a talented artist, poet and novelist as well as a prolific book illustrator. Among his friends were Augustus John, Dylan Thomas, Quentin Crisp and Graham Greene. The first volume of Peake's Gormenghast novels was published, to critical acclaim, in 1946.

Towards the end of the 1950s Peake contracted Parkinson's Disease and encephalitis and, as his illness progressed, he began to lose his ability to write and to draw and his reputation became all but forgotten. Peake died in 1968.

*February 16-April 12. Main foyer, Royal Festival Hall, SE1. Daily 10am-10pm. The Mervyn Peake Society is at 29 Queenscliffe Road, Ipswich IP2 9AS.*



John Snagge's boat race commentary launch, *Consuta, The African Queen*, and working replicas of Victorian pleasure boats are among vessels on view at the National Steamboat Show at Kew Bridge Steam Museum on February 28 and March 1 between 10am and 5pm. Bamber Gascoigne, joint chairman of the Friends of Kew Bridge Engines, proclaims, "This is a magical place because of its scale and its grandeur."

CELIA BRAYFIELD

# LOYAL ROYAL

"A lonely, trembling soul fearing to be made the sport of Fate" was how Mary, Queen of Scots once described herself in a pleading letter to her implacable cousin Queen Elizabeth I. On February 8, 1587 the 44-year-old Mary was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle in Nottingham, after a treason trial which had lasted several months. She wore a black dress with a scarlet martyr's robe beneath it, and her faithful terrier was splashed with his mistress's blood because he would not leave her side.

At the news that the Catholic monarch, long the focus of conspiracy to overthrow the Protestant Elizabeth, was at last dead, the church bells rang all over London for 24 hours. Queen Elizabeth herself raged at her councillors, claiming that although she had signed Mary's death-warrant she had never intended the execution to take place.

To honour the poignant memory of the beautiful woman who became Queen of Scotland as a six-day-old baby, a celebration has been planned for the 400th anniversary of her death which will involve more than 300 people in Scotland. The programme begins on February 7 with a celebration at the Scottish National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh. There will be music, dance and drama portraying Mary's life. Sixteenth-century snacks will be on sale, and make-up artists will be on hand to decorate faces of visitors in the white-skinned, high-browed style of the period.

The tragedy of Mary's life is heightened by the evidence of her charm and beauty, and by her oft-voiced conviction that she was the helpless victim of cruel destiny and of the ambitions of others.

Perhaps, however, she had some premonition of the special place she would achieve as the most romantic woman in British history. "In my end is my beginning," she wrote, knowing also that her son James would reign after the childless Elizabeth.

For almost 20 years the reigning Queen held her captivating cousin prisoner in a variety of castles and houses, many of which still stand today. The English Tourist Board has produced a special guide, *The Road to Fotheringhay*, to many of the places associated with *Maria Scotia*. Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire and Hatfield House in Hertfordshire have particularly fine portraits and collections, while portions of Chatsworth, also in Derbyshire, and Sheffield Manor in Yorkshire are, by tradition, preserved intact in Mary's memory.

*Mary Queen of Scots Celebrations. Contact the Scottish Tourist Board, 23 Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh EH4 3EU (031-332 2433). The Road to Fotheringhay. Leaflet from the Special Promotions department, The English Tourist Board, Thames Tower, Black's Road W6 9EL (846 9000) and selected Tourist Information Centres.*





BRUCE COLEMAN

# MOUNTAIN FEVER

SIMON BARNES

Chris Bonington leads the invasion

There is something about the British and the Himalayas, something that seems to bring out all the secret melodramatic impulses of an outwardly phlegmatic race. No year passes, it seems, without a bunch of them risking their necks in the freezing cold on the roof of the world. Appallingly difficult conditions and recurring disasters do not begin to stop them.

Chris Bonington (pictured, above), as ever the leading light of British mountaineering, returned recently from Peking, where he had gone to unravel the complex protocol required to organize a climb in Tibet starting this month. He has set his sights on an unclimbed Himalayan peak called Menlungste. "It is," he says, "the most difficult and the most beautiful unclimbed peak in the world."

It is difficult because it is quite ridiculously steep. It is a mountain that simply has no easy way. And, of course, it has all the usual difficulties of the Himalayas: "Same as anything out there. Cold and wind, you know," says Bonington, blithely.

Meanwhile, a different British team plans another attack on the perennial problems and mysteries of the old monster, Everest itself. The same team was also on the mountain in 1986. They are going not so much to solve new climbing problems but to solve an old mystery:

what really did happen to Mallory and Irving, lost on the mountain in 1924?

Three other imminent British expeditions are planned for the Pakistani section of the great range. "Actually, it looks like being a quieter year than usual," said Andy Fanshaw of the British Mountaineering Council.



# FOOD FINDER

ELISABETH LUARD

Dealing direct with British suppliers

If you have ever wondered where you can track down a supplier of British edible snails, how to have sushi seaweed delivered from shore to door, or even lost the newspaper clipping with the address of that reliable purveyor of smoked salmon, help is at hand in a new directory to be published by Rich and Green on February 1.

As more and more of our small specialist food shops disappear, the gap between the supplier of the specialties and his customer widens. The Indian-, Pakistani- and Chinese-owned grocery-stores, which often replace the corner shop, perform an excellent service in remaining open at all hours and supplying basic foodstuffs, but they inevitably concentrate on their own ethnic cuisines. It is now far easier to buy a jar of Brinjal Chilli Pickle than it is to find a pot of Cornish clotted cream—a situation which is not favourable to our own excellent home-grown traditional foods.

The *Directory of British Food Finds* is primarily aimed at making the connexion between wholesaler and retailer or caterer. For the rest of us, who often find it difficult to lay our hands on, say, game or wild mushrooms in season, unpasteurized British cheeses, pure fruit jams and

jellies, the 3,500 entries from 1,000 producers offer a short-cut to suppliers via mail-order all over the country. Most have a minimum-order requirement, but this is not usually very large, and extras of perishable foods such as bacon or pâtés can be stored in the freezer.

Entries are easily coded and include the supplier-company's address and telephone number, a brief description of the foodstuff on offer and the quantities in which it can be supplied, a map-reference, an organic symbol and cross-referencing to other products available from the same supplier.

The *Directory* is the brain-child of Henrietta Green, former cookery editor of the *Sunday Express Magazine*, and has an impressive advisory committee including Sir Richard Body, Chairman of the Select Committee on Agriculture, author Jane Grigson and super-grocer Justin de Blank.

*Directory of British Food Finds available by mail-order from Rich and Green, 1 Moorhouse Road, W2 5DH (727 9808) at £14.95 plus £2 p&p, or over the counter from Books for Cooks, 15 Blenheim Crescent, W11 (221 1922).*

Elisabeth Luard is the author of *European Peasant Cookery* (Bantam, £15).

SALLY RICHARDSON

# EATING PEOPLE

A screen by Chinks Grylls, below, is among work by 18 leading artists in stained glass at the Barbican foyer from February 11. *Working With Light* runs until March 8.

A grisly tale of disaster at sea arrives as a 45-minute "platform performance" at the National Theatre this month. *The Ballad of the Mignonette* is Graham Sinclair's adaptation of a real event in 1884. Struck by a storm on her way to Australia, the yacht foundered but her four-man crew escaped in a dinghy. After nearly three weeks adrift Captain Dudley, with the help of one of his sailors, Stephens, killed the youngest, Richard Parker, who had already made himself badly ill by drinking sea water. As reported in *The Illustrated London News* of September 20, 1884, "All [survivors] drank the boy's blood and ate of his flesh from the nineteenth to the twenty-fourth day".

Oddly, Edgar Allan Poe had predicted it 36 years earlier. In *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* Poe wrote: "Richard Parker was doomed to be eaten in order that the rest of us should live."

When rescued, the murderers were put on trial for manslaughter while Brooks, although he had not taken part in the killing but had eaten Parker's flesh, was set free. Eventually Captain Dudley and Stephens were acquitted. The case of the *Mignonette* is still used by lawyers to debate the defence of necessity.

*The Ballad of the Mignonette. February 6, 16, 18, 5.45pm. Olivier Theatre, SE1. (928 2252, cc).*



EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

# HENRI'S PICTURES

Sometimes one kind of reputation gets in the way of another. Most people know Adrian Henri best as a poet—the pied piper of generations of British school-girls, a part of growing up. In fact, the poems were originally an offshoot of his painting which has long been sustained and can be seen in a retrospective at the Camden Arts Centre this month.

I declare an interest as the author of the main catalogue introduction. Yet I cannot resist another opportunity to plead Henri's case as an artist again here. He was one of the first painters in Britain to respond to the Neo-Dadaist experiments made by Robert Rauschenberg in New York, and almost single-handedly he turned the Liverpool of the early 1960s into an avant-garde art scene in some ways more advanced than its equivalent in London.

His painting, at its best, has a freshness and a lyricism which are purely English—this is Pop Art which is unable to forget the Pre-Raphaelite heritage. The allusions to the art and literature of the past are far-ranging and witty. Ensor's *The Entry of*



*Christ into Brussels* is re-created as *The Entry of Christ into Liverpool*; Jarry's monstrous Père Ubu parades on Rhyl Sands—and the glittering landscape is borrowed from David Cox. Pictured above, *Père Ubu in Liverpool III*.

What binds the paintings and the poems together is a thread of innocent egoism—Adrian Henri's prime subject is himself; he is always the hero in his own

tale. This may alienate critics, but it is perhaps the main thing which makes him such a skilful communicator with people who, in other circumstances, would not give a damn about either modern painting or modern poetry.

February 25-March 22. Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, NW3. Mon-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm, Wed until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm.

## A RARE VISIT

Margaret Price returns to sing Norma

One of the finest singers of her generation, Welsh soprano Margaret Price sings the title role in a new production of Bellini's *Norma* which opens at the Royal Opera House on February 10. Her all too few appearances in London in the past 20 years have been mainly confined to the Mozart roles in which she established her reputation. Continental opera houses,

not slow to capitalize on a voice of such rare beauty and an attractive stage presence, engaged her for Mozart and then enticed her away from Britain by offering her some of Verdi's more lyric heroines—Aida, Elisabeth de Valois, Desdemona, the last of which marked a memorable performance at Covent Garden with Plácido Domingo in 1980.

The Druid priestess in *Norma* is a recent addition to her repertory. The opera is being produced by John Copley, with whom Margaret Price has worked on the majority of her Mozart roles at Covent Garden and more recently on *Adriana Lecouvreur* in Munich. Copley sees her career as "a great lesson to young singers" in that she has restricted herself to roles that suit the creamy beauty of her voice and "has never been greedy". While acknowledging that she sets herself the highest standards—one of the reasons she has cancelled performances in recent years—he enjoys working with a singer who is "determined to do what you ask of her". He finds her commitment rewarding and promises an unconventional production.

*Norma* opens on February 10, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).



# LOVE STORY

Specializing in Valentines is an intriguing occupation, ideal for *What's My Line* and handy for cocktail-party banter. Paul Penn-Simkins, the Valentine specialist at Phillips, the Mayfair auctioneers, says he enjoys his job especially when he comes across a new cache of Valentine cards (example pictured below) in mint condition. Phillips are putting his latest haul on sale on February 11 and for the first time some Art Deco cards will be included among the paper-lace and rosebuds favoured by the Victorians.

For the more naïve and sentimental style of lover, a heart-shaped locket or Victorian silver box might well fill the bill, and among the stalls at Gray's Antique Market nestle innumerable traditional trinkets: a pair of silver-and-paste heart-shaped ear-rings can be had for under £30; at the other end of the scale, a heart-shaped ruby ring encrusted with diamonds might cost more than £4,000.

Modern lovers might consider John Wind's romantic jewelry, gold- and silver-sprayed collages of cherubs, watch-faces, chains and pearls which can be worn as brooches, belt-buckles or ear-rings. Priced from £40, they will be available in lavish St Valentine's Day gift-wrapping from Janet Fitch.

Lovers who long to live out their fantasies appreciate the Ritz Hotel's special offer of a romantic weekend for two, with champagne, roses and gold nymphs presiding, for £240 (substantially cheaper than the hotel's honeymoon package).

Those who like to celebrate St Valentine's Day with calories might go for a deliciously satisfying heart-shaped pizza from the Chicago Pizza Pie Factory for £7.50 or posted to your loved one with a tender message for £12.25.

Valentine Sale, February 11, noon, Phillips, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (629 6602). Gray's Antique Market, 58 Davies Street and 1-7 Davies Mews, W1. Janet Fitch, 2 Percy Street, W1 (636 5631). The Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). Chicago Pizza Pie Factory, 17 Hanover Square, W1 (Pizza heart line: 491 3526).

Kiss Me Kate! is an appropriate choice for the first American musical mounted by the RSC. Paul Jones and Nichola McAuliffe head a promising cast directed by Adrian Noble at Stratford in Cole Porter's celebrated piece about a strolling actor and actress playing Petruchio and Kate in a play within Shakespeare's play. London audiences must wait until it reaches the Old Vic on May 4.







## HOW TO SPEND £34,000 ON A PERFORMANCE CAR AND HAVE NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT.

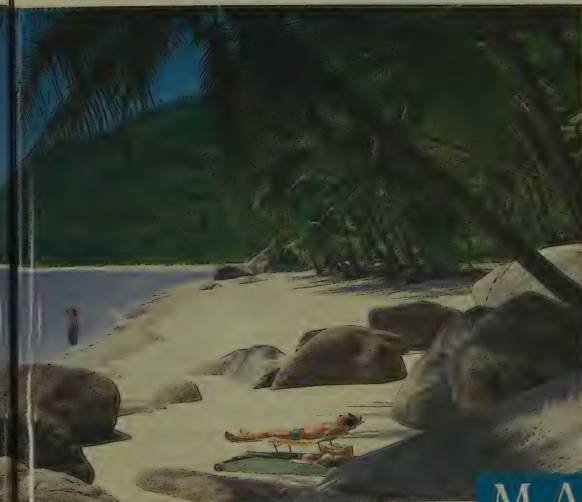
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# FOR THE RECORD

## Monday, December 8

The French government withdrew its proposed university reform legislation in an attempt to halt the demonstrations and violence in Paris. The resignation of Alain Devaquet, the Minister for Higher Education, was also accepted.

Robert MacFarlane, the former US National Security Adviser, speaking before the House Foreign Affairs Committee said that President Reagan gave advance approval to a "third country" to sell arms to Iran.

British Gas shares rose to 62.5p by the close of the first day's stock market trading after opening at 50p.

## Tuesday, December 9

The greyhound *Ballyregan Bob* established a world record at Hove, Sussex by winning his 32nd consecutive race.

Oxford won the 105th University rugby match when they beat Cambridge 15-10 at Twickenham.

## Wednesday, December 10

A Rembrandt portrait of a young girl was sold for £7.6 million at Sotheby's, a record for the artist.

## Thursday, December 11

The Independent Broadcasting Authority awarded the contract for the first British satellite television system which will transmit programmes in four new services from 1990 to a consortium including Granada Television, the Virgin Group, Amstrad and Pearson.

The Health and Safety Executive—a government watchdog committee—warned the Sellafield nuclear complex that it would be shut down unless it improved its plant, operations, management and procedures within a year.

At least 15 people died and more than 22 were injured when Israeli planes raided Palestinian targets north-east of Tripoli.

## Friday, December 12

69 people died when a Soviet airliner crashed near East Berlin airport.

The Government announced that there would be an inquiry into the sinking of the cargo ship *Derbyshire* in the Pacific in 1980 with the loss of 44 lives.

Inflation rose to 3.5 per cent in the UK in November.

## Sunday, December 14

At least 170 people died during four days of fighting between rival Pakistani communities, the Mohajirs and the Pathans, in Karachi.

## Monday, December 15

Shorts, the Belfast aircraft and missile maker, won a £225 million contract from the Defence Ministry for the Starstreak missile system.

The National Alliance for Reconstruction won the general election in Trinidad and Tobago and ended 30 years of rule by the People's National Movement.

## Tuesday, December 16

EEC Farm Ministers agreed an extensive package of Common Agricultural Policy reforms including a commitment to cut milk production and reductions in the guaranteed prices paid for Community beef.

The third Test match between England and Australia in Adelaide ended in a draw, Australia scoring 514 for 5 and 201 for 3 and England 455 and 39 for 2.

Serge Lifar, the Russian-born dancer and choreographer, died aged 81.

## Wednesday, December 17

The world's first combined heart, lungs and liver transplant, was performed at Papworth Hospital in Cambridgeshire.

## Thursday, December 18

The Government announced it would buy six Boeing Awacs radar aircraft and scrap nine years of development by General Electric Company of the British Nimrod early warning system.

The Soviet Union said it would end its unilateral nuclear test moratorium after the first US test next year.

EEC fishing ministers agreed on sharp reductions in fishing quotas in the North Sea.

## Friday, December 19

The Soviet government said that Dr Andrei Sakharov, the prominent dissident, would be allowed to return from internal exile in the city of Gorki where he had been for seven years.

Lester Piggott, the former champion jockey, appeared before Newmarket magistrates charged with giving the Inland Revenue a false statement of his bank accounts. He was granted bail on condition that he deposited £1 million with the court.

John Stalker, the Greater Manchester Deputy Chief Constable, who was cleared in September after a disciplinary inquiry into allegations of misconduct, resigned from the force.

## Sunday, December 21

At least 20,000 students marched through the streets of Shanghai in a demonstration for more freedom and democracy; 31 policemen were injured and more than 200 students arrested.

## Monday, December 22

David Penhaligon, Liberal MP for Truro and spokesman on economic affairs, was killed in a road accident in his constituency.

## Tuesday, December 23

Voyager became the first aircraft to fly non-stop around the world. The two pilots Dick Rutan and Jeana Yeager completed the journey of more than 26,000 miles in 9 days, 3 mins and 44 secs.

## Wednesday, December 24

Guy Barnett, Labour MP for Greenwich, died aged 58.

## Thursday, December 25

62 people died during a failed hijack attempt on an Iraqi Airways Boeing 737 on a flight from Baghdad to Amman. The plane crash-landed at Arar in Saudi Arabia.

## Friday, December 26

12 seamen including six Britons died when their cargo ship, *Syneta*, hit rocks and sank off the coast of Iceland.

## Saturday, December 27

Nine people were killed and at least 20 injured after an explosion at a hotel in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in the Bavarian Alps.

## Sunday, December 28

England retained the Ashes in the Fourth Test match in Melbourne beating Australia by an innings and 14 runs.

Australia beat Sweden in Melbourne to win the Davis Cup for tennis.

## Monday, December 29

The Earl of Stockton, who as Harold Macmillan was Conservative Prime Minister from 1957 to 1963, died aged 92.

Andrei Tarkovsky, the Soviet filmmaker, died aged 54.

## Tuesday, December 30

The US government announced plans to impose 200 per cent tariffs on imports of European Community products in response to tariff increases on US corn sales to Spain following its accession to the Community.

## Wednesday, December 31

96 people died when a fire destroyed part of a luxury hotel in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Investigators said arson was the cause.

## Thursday, January 1, 1987

Two people died after a double explosion in a block of flats in Dublin, believed to have been caused by a gas leak.

The Afghan leader Najibullah ordered a ceasefire from January 15 in the seven-year war between Muslim rebels and his Soviet-backed government.

## Saturday, January 3

49 people were killed when a Brazilian Varig airliner crashed near Abidjan on the Ivory Coast.

## Sunday, January 4

Libyan aircraft bombed the southern Chad city of Arada in retaliation against the offensive launched by Chad government forces to end Libyan occupation of the north of the country.

## Monday, January 5

Lord Scarman, speaking at the launching of the United Nations International Year of Shelter for the Homeless, said that millions of Britons would soon find themselves condemned to live in a slum unless something was done now to deal with the country's poor housing.

## Tuesday, January 6

Three warders were taken hostage by prisoners who staged a rooftop protest at Barlinnie Gaol, Glasgow, alleging brutality. Nine other officers were trapped inside and more than 30 injured by missiles. The siege ended after five days when the prisoners gave themselves up, having released their hostages unharmed.

France's rail strike, which had been in force since mid-December, spread to the electricity industry and the Paris city council, causing power cuts over much of the country and reducing Metro and bus services.

## Wednesday, January 7

French Jaguar aircraft attacked a Libyan military airfield at Ouadi-Doum in northern Chad. Later Libyan MIGs bombed the village of Kouba Oulanga.

Former Lebanese President Camille Chamoun was slightly wounded after a car bomb attack in Christian east Beirut in which seven people were killed.

The official Census of Employment, on which estimates of the number of jobs are based, revealed that 94 per cent of the jobs lost in Britain since June, 1979, were north of the line from the Wash to the Bristol Channel and only 6 per cent in the more prosperous southern regions.

## Thursday, January 8

The New York stock market broke through the 2,000 mark for the first time when the Dow Jones industrial average closed at 2,002.25.

## Friday, January 9

The chairman and chief executive of Guinness, Ernest Saunders, stepped down from both posts until a Government inquiry into the company's affairs during the Distillers take-over last year was completed.

## Sunday, January 11

An Irish corporal serving with the United Nations force in Lebanon was killed when an Israeli unit opened fire near the village of Braachit.



Student demonstrators burnt copies of Peking's leading communist newspaper, *Peking Daily*, in protest at what they called distorted reporting. Since the start of December students from several Chinese cities have been demanding more democracy.



# BLOTS ON THE LANDSCAPE

London could undoubtedly be improved by the removal of a few key buildings which are ugly themselves and blight otherwise pleasing views. We invited *ILN* readers and a number of distinguished people known to be interested in the environment to nominate a building they thought London would be better without. From their replies we have compiled a list of 40 blots, with a short list of 12 buildings voted most ripe for demolition.

JAMES BISHOP REPORTS



THE SHELL CENTRE

1962, Sir Howard Robertson & R. Maynard Smith

Eight people proposed the removal of the Shell Centre, including Ken Livingstone, former leader of the GLC, who finds it out of keeping with everything else on this stretch of the river.



THE HAYWARD GALLERY

1968, LCC/GLC, Sir Hulbert Bennett & Jack Whittle

The first choice for destruction by four people, including Denys Sutton, editor of the arts magazine *Apollo*, who sees it as ugly on the outside and inconvenient for exhibitions within.



Thirty London landmarks and lesser known buildings would come crashing to the ground if our panel had access to a demolition company's heavy ball and crane. Of the total of 40 buildings nominated for destruction more than two-thirds were put up after the war and all of the top 12 choices date from the 1960s or later. Clearly there is still much resentment among Londoners and visitors about the damage done to the capital in the name of architecture during the last few decades, and certainly many of those who responded to the *ILN*'s invitation did so with relish. Some regretted that it could only be wishful thinking: "How sad," commented Lord Bullock, "that it is only a paper exercise."

Others found the choice altogether too hard. Sir Ernst Gombrich saw an *embarras de pauvreté*, and Lord Goodman replied that if it was his instigation half of London would vanish overnight. But fashions change, and Sir Denys Lasdun, the architect whose National Theatre would be among the casualties,

wrote to say that he could not take part in a campaign for the removal of buildings "if only to point out that some of today's unpleasing buildings may well be cherished tomorrow".

Many of those that currently fail to please are sited along the banks of the Thames, and the view expressed by Angus Stirling, the director-general of the National Trust, that "the misuse and prostitution of London's river is arguably the worst planning effect of the last 50 years", would receive much support from most of those who responded to our appeal, and it is the South Bank complex as a whole, dominated by the Shell Centre, that was voted prime candidate for demolition.

Among those who picked the Shell Centre were the writer and critic Edwin Mullins, who finds it without style, character, elegance or humanity. Ken Livingstone, former leader of the Greater London Council, commented that though the building produced "lots of 'lovely' rates" it was completely out of keeping with everything else

along that stretch. Donald Sinden, the actor, believes it to be the most boring building to occupy a prime site: "something better might match the grain silo on the south-east end of Waterloo Bridge."

Similar comments were made when the building, designed by Sir Howard Robertson and R. Maynard Smith, went up in 1963. One of the largest office blocks in the world, covering  $7\frac{1}{2}$  acres, it was criticized for its dominance of the area, and for the height and width of its tower, which distorted the scale of all the riverside building. Standing 351 feet above ground level, it is higher than the Victoria Tower (341 feet), Big Ben (320 feet), and the chimneys of Battersea Power Station (337 feet), and is only 14 feet lower than the cross of St Paul's. It was also disliked because the blunt weight of its tower destroyed the magical view of Whitehall from the delicate bridge across the lake in St James's Park.

Such comments have never bothered many of the 5,000 workers accommodated in the building. From

the start the offices worked well: they were solid, comfortable, air-conditioned, the floor plans worked effectively on each of the 25 storeys, the views were spectacular and the facilities included squash and badminton courts, a rifle range, an international swimming pool and good restaurants and bars. In its early stages the only technical hitch, according to *The Times*, was that tea could not be piped throughout the building, as was intended, because the leaves clogged the system.

Associated with the Shell Centre as part of the South Bank complex are the Hayward Gallery and the National Theatre. The Hayward, a product of the LCC/GLC Architects' Department, was completed in 1968. Constructed of reinforced concrete and externally clad with pre-cast slabs, its bleak exterior is hardly relieved inside, where the exposed concrete seldom enhances the paintings and sculpture put on display there. Among those who voted for its demolition was Denys Sutton, editor of *Apollo*, who describes ➡➡

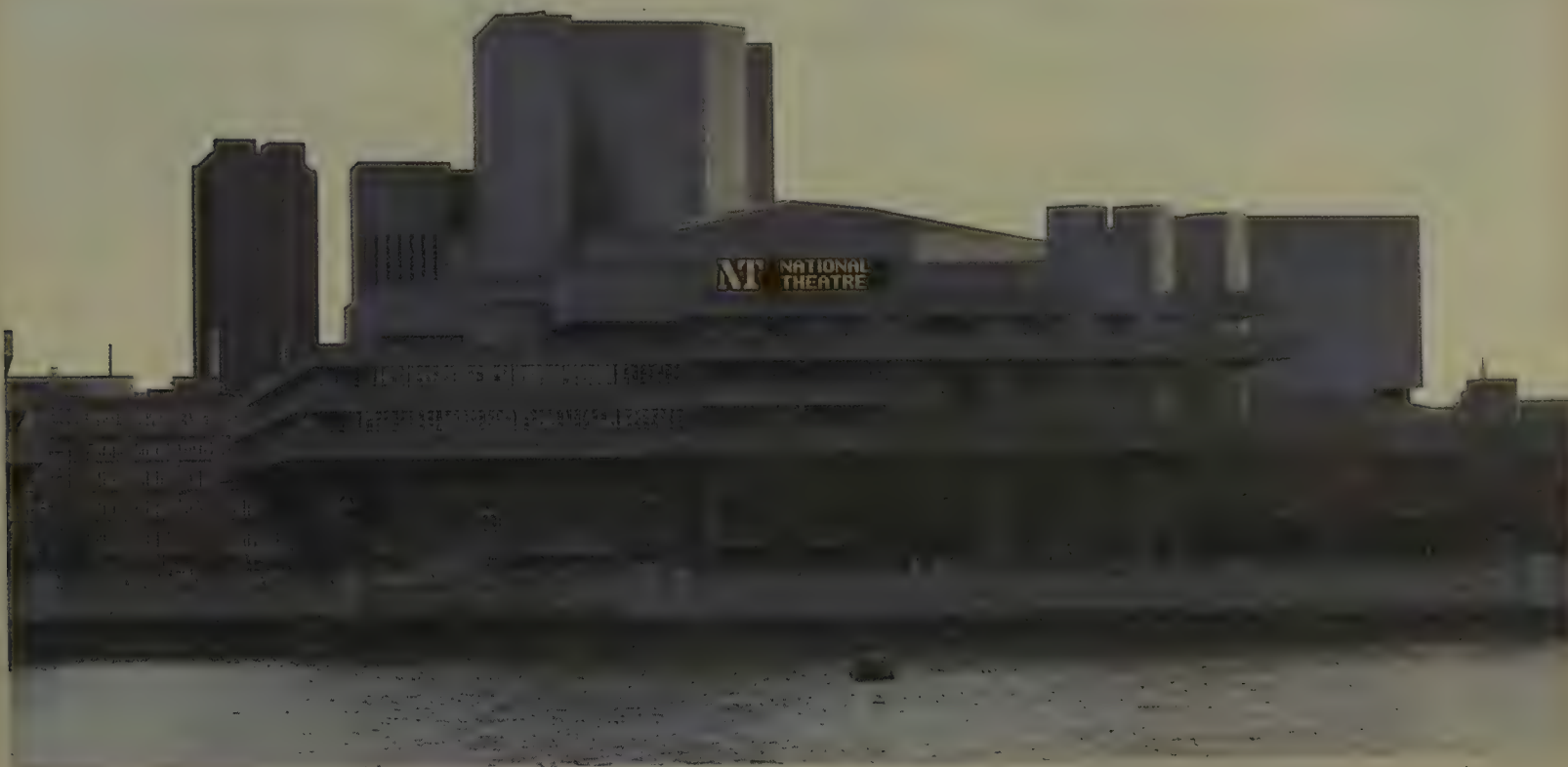
## THE SOUTH BANK

The buildings of the South Bank clustered on both sides of Waterloo Bridge emerged as prime candidates for demolition, 17 people nominating between them the Shell Centre, the Hayward Gallery, the National Theatre, the Oxo Tower and the

whole complex. Though Knightsbridge Barracks rivals the Shell Centre as London's single most hated building, the South Bank as a whole is clearly regarded as a great opportunity lost. The reader who wanted to knock it all down, Mavis

Gray, says that it offends every sense: the approaches are cold, wet and windy, the buildings are heavy and dull, and often the most active element is the litter. For Simon Richards, another reader, the Hayward Gallery symbolizes the des-

truction of London by "modernist, internationalist, socialist brutalism". The sole nomination for demolishing the Oxo Tower comes from Sir Roy Strong, director of the Victoria & Albert Museum, who "can't stand the sight of it".



## THE NATIONAL THEATRE 1976, SIR DENYS LASDUN & PARTNERS

The actress Glenda Jackson was one of three who chose the National Theatre as their first candidate for demolition. Miss Jackson says the building is "ugly, untheatrical, and already cracking at the seams".





PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN BOWNESS

### KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS 1970, Sir Basil Spence

A popular target among some of the most illustrious names in the heritage business, Norman St John-Stevens, former Arts Minister, finds it "hideous", Dr Alan Bowness of the Tate "an obtrusion on Hyde Park", Lord Norwich "an eyesore", and the Marquess of Anglesey "a feeble piece of architecture".

### NEW ZEALAND HOUSE 1957-63, Robert Matthew, Johnson-Marshall & Partners

Architects and critics joined in condemning this building left, which Sir Hugh Casson put top of his list of three candidates for destruction. James Stirling says it is "alien and ugly" in the context of that part of London, Theo Cosby that it ruins a particularly sensitive skyline.

### DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENT BUILDINGS 1963-71, Eric Bedford with Robert Atkinson & Partners

The three office buildings occupied by the Department of the Environment in Marsham Street are criticized for their inappropriateness. Lord Gibson says that the Department of Environment "should have shown a better example—improving an environment, not offending it". Among others who agree are Norman Foster, Lord Reilly and Simon Jenkins.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN BOWNESS

### THE HILTON HOTEL 1961-63, Lewis Solomon, Kaye & Partners

Five people made the Hilton Hotel first choice for destruction, including Sir Philip Dawson, Lord Perth, Sir William Rees-Mogg and Angus Stirling, director-general of The National Trust, who finds it vulgar inside and out, discordant in its proportions, and ruining Hyde Park.

### BARBICAN 1958-62, Chamberlin, Powell & Bon

Those who want to get rid of the Barbican are Lady Birk, Sir John Harvey-Jones, Monica Pidgeon, Cherry Ann Knott and Eduardo Paolozzi, who describes it as "inaccessible, inhuman, but hopefully not indestructible".



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN BOWNESS

»→ it with careful moderation as ugly on the outside and inconvenient for exhibitions within.

Alongside it the complexity of the National Theatre looks almost elegant, though it, too, has been criticized for its brutalism. One of those who wants it down is the distinguished actress, Glenda Jackson, 'who has not performed on any of its three stages. She describes it as 'ugly, untheatrical and already cracking at the seams'.

Another London building of the 1960s and now evidently commanding as much disrespect as the Shell Centre is that constructed for the Hyde Park Barracks in Knightsbridge by Sir Basil Spence. Incorporating a tower block 270 feet high, and housing 514 soldiers and 273 horses of the Household Cavalry, the building was completed in 1970. It received something of an accolade at the time from Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, who noted it as "a very impressive achievement" (though he was critical of its "surfeit of motifs"), but it has fared less well with our critics. The Marquess of Anglesey regards it as "a feeble piece of architecture even by the lowest standards of modernism" and as a prime example of what not to erect in a highly sensitive area.

The theme is relentlessly pursued by others. Dr Alan Bowness, Director of the Tate Gallery, sees it as an "obtrusion on Hyde Park". Norman St John-Stevens, former Minister for the Arts, says it is "hideous and destroys the proportions of the surrounding streets, squares and parks". Lord Norwich describes it as an eyesore "that destroys an otherwise unblemished skyline—utterly out of scale with everything around it". Simon Hornby, Chairman of W. H. Smith, says it is ugly and "ruins the perspective of Hyde Park from any viewpoint", and Sir Peter Wakefield, Director of the National Art Collections Fund, believes that it is the first of three towers in Hyde Park which should go in order to clear the skyline again.

Heavy guns are also trained on the Department of the Environment, which occupies three huge slabs of office building in Marsham Street, SW1, constructed between 1963-71 to the designs of Eric Bedford in association with Robert Atkinson & Partners. As the government department responsible for the physical environment and planning it is felt, as the architect Norman Foster puts it, that they more than anybody else should set a progressive example. They do not. Lord Reilly sees the buildings as boring, out of scale and totally inappropriate. Lord Lloyd of Hampstead agrees, and notes also that the buildings interfere with the view of the Houses of Parliament. To Simon Jenkins the buildings are hugely intrusive and wholly devoid of style.

New Zealand House, at the »→



➡ foot of the Haymarket, is another building which, in the words of Spike Milligan, invites destruction. It stands 225 feet high in the slab-stuck-on-a-podium style and is objected to mainly because of its lack of sympathy with its surroundings. "It is alien and ugly in the context of that part of the city," writes the architect James Stirling. The critic Gavin Stamp notes that it was the first high-rise Modern Movement building to wreck the scale of Nash's West End, and also sees it as an affront "to the human scale of pedestrians at ground level." The architect Theo Crosby says that it "rises inconspicuously above a matrix of buildings, often of great merit, on which thousands of architects have given their best for 300 years, and ruins a particularly sensitive skyline with its brash, abrupt outline. It demonstrates unequivocally the case for the 100 feet height limit."

The new headquarters building for Lloyd's has aroused some wrathful comments. One reader, C. H. F. Barnes, calls it an abscess on the city skyline; another, Peter Wallis, suggests that the kindest thing which could be said about it is that it is a joke at all. J. D. D. Lane describes it as aesthetically vulgar with no redeeming features. They are supported by a former Prime Minister, James Callaghan, who finds it full of gimmicks, with an absurd façade. "It will hold our generation in contempt in 25 years' time," he predicts.

The Hilton Hotel in Park Lane is another target of well-aimed brickbats. Standing 328 feet or 30 storeys high, the Hilton was designed by Lewis Solomon, Kaye & Partners and built in 1961-63, but has not yet won the affection of Londoners. Sir David Piper, writing soon after its completion, saw it as a lone trial tooth awaiting the rest of the denture, but such was the public dismay at the Hilton's appearance that the denture has never been completed, though other speculative teeth, such as the Knightsbridge Barracks, have been put up. Lord Perth sees the Hilton as the undistinguished stump that started the rot.

These six buildings or groups of buildings commanded the highest number of votes for instant demolition, and in each case attracted at least five nominations. The next six, which polled two votes or more, were the Barbican (described by Sir John Harvey-Jones as "aesthetically displeasing and impracticable to boot", Juxon House by St Paul's (which Lady Longford would bulldoze because it makes what should have been a magnificent view of the cathedral), the *Daily Mirror* building, the National Westminster Tower, the Royal Lancaster Hotel and the new Queen Elizabeth II Conference Centre opposite Westminster Abbey (which Sir Peter Hall sees as "amazingly insensitive to the buildings surrounding it" and Sir David Wilson ➡

# NATIONAL WESTMINSTER TOWER 1971-80, R. Seifert & Partners

London's tallest building (600 feet) alarms Lord Bulluck among others because it might encourage other developers to follow suit "in the pursuit of tasteless self advertisement".

# LOYD'S 1986, Richard Rogers & Partners

The new Lloyd's building in Leadenhall Street received six votes for demolition, including that of former Prime Minister James Callaghan, who finds it "full of gimmicks, with an absurd facade".



»→ as fussy, ugly and “unworthy of a sensitive site”).

Twenty-four other buildings receive individual nominations for removal. An idiosyncratic choice for destruction on the South Bank comes from Sir Roy Strong, Director of the Victoria & Albert Museum, who is alone in nominating the Oxo Tower. This stands 202 feet high and was built in 1930, to the design of Albert Moore, as part of Oxo’s river-side development between Waterloo and Blackfriars bridges. It is now part of the Coin Street development site and its future is uncertain, though a vigorous campaign for its protection was launched in 1978 when redevelopment plans called for its demolition. Sir Roy wants it pulled down because he cannot stand the sight of it.

Jean Muir, the fashion designer, chooses Centre Point, the 36-storey office block at the junction of St Giles Circus and New Oxford Street, and in view of the controversy it aroused at the time of its construction it is surprising that it was not the first choice of more people. Built in 1965 to the design of R. Seifert and Partners, it lay empty for many years. Though it looks slim, at ground level it is a huge obstruction and inconvenience at one of London’s busiest road junctions.

David Steel, the Liberal Party leader, nominates a building which is symbolic of social rather than architectural insensitivity, of “the failure of past housing authorities and their architects to put the real needs of communities before their craving to follow high-rise housing fashion”. Mr Steel’s candidate for demolition on this basis is the Balfour Tower in Hamelin Road, E14—an example shown to him by the Alliance councillors in Tower Hamlets.

Malcolm Muggeridge’s candidate is the new mosque in Regent’s Park, which he considers “a monument to racism”. Frank Muir chooses the Mansion House (“Entirely unsuitable for Lord Mayors of a modern City: rebuilt with drains on the outside, 6-foot-high conference rooms and personal computer screens let into the gold plate”). Andrew Lloyd-Webber nominates the Euston Tower (“an ugly building which does nothing to enhance the surrounding area”), and Professor W. E. Hoskins the Post Office Tower (preferably, he suggests, with Mary Whitehouse inside).

Other public buildings that meet with individual disfavour include the Admiralty’s bombproof Citadel on the corner of the Mall and Horse Guards Parade, the Home Office, the Ministry of Defence and the Port of London Authority building. Clearly, if our respondents had their way London would be a very different place. It may be, as Lord Bullock suggests, wishful thinking. Is it also wishful thinking to hope that we might do better if we were lucky enough to have a second chance? ○



### JUXON HOUSE

1963-64, Trehearne & Norman Partners

**The objections to this building are that it destroys the view of the west front of St Paul’s from Ludgate Hill. Lord Kennet points out that it will look even worse when the awful buildings to the north-east have been cleared.**

### DAILY MIRROR

1957-60, Sir Owen Williams & Partners

**A reader, J. P. Hine, believes that the *Daily Mirror*’s building, below, at Holborn Circus represents the lowest point of British architecture. Sir Ralph Verney describes it as “a mean and hideous monster on an important site”.**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN BERRYMAN

### REGENT’S PARK MOSQUE

1973, Sir Frederick Gibberd & Partners

**Malcolm Muggeridge was alone in nominating the Mosque, right, built at Hanover Gate on the outer circle of Regent’s Park in the 1970s. He condemns it as “a monument to racism”.**





## QUEEN ELIZABETH II CONFERENCE CENTRE 1986, Powell, Moya & Partners

Facing Westminster Abbey, this new building seems to Sir David Wilson, director of the British Museum, to be "unworthy of a sensitive site".



## ROYAL LANCASTER HOTEL 1967, T. P. Bennett & Son

Eighteen storeys high in Lancaster Terrace, W2, the hotel, left, is Lord Esher's candidate for destruction because of its effect on the romantic end of the Serpentine.

## OTHER NOMINATIONS

ADMIRALTY "CITADEL" in the Mall (1940, designed by W. A. Forsyth). Nominated by Raymond Andrews  
ARMY & NAVY STORES, Victoria (1977, Elsom, Pack & Roberts). Kenneth Hudson  
BALFRON TOWER (1964, Tower Hamlets borough architects). David Steel MP  
BROMLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY (1977, Bromley borough architects). Conrad Miller-Brown  
BRUNSWICK CENTRE, WC1 (1969-72, Patrick Hodgkinson). S. Baldwin  
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SW1 (1847, Edward Blore). M. Gormley  
CENTRE POINT, WC2 (1965, R. Seifert & Partners). Jean Muir  
CHARING CROSS VIADUCT, SE1. Melvyn Bragg

CREDIT SUISSE, 66 St James's St, SW1. P. G. Palumbo  
EUSTON TOWER, NW1 (1960, R. Seifert & Partners). Andrew Lloyd-Webber  
FREEMASON'S HALL, WC2 (1927-33, H. V. Ashley & F. Winton Newman). Charles Wenz  
GUY'S HOSPITAL, SE1 (1959-64). Lord Gowrie  
HAMMERSMITH ISLAND SITE, W6. Michael Manser  
HOGARTH ROUNDABOUT, W4. Robin Knight  
HOME OFFICE, SW1 (Sir Basil Spence & Partners). Sir Kenneth Robinson  
HUNGERFORD BRIDGE, WC2 (1864, Sir John Hawkshaw). M. Munt

JODRELL LABORATORY, Kew (1876, T. J. Phillips). John Edmondson  
LANGHAM HOTEL, W1 (1864, Giles & Murray). Sir Phillip Powell  
LONDON TELECOM TOWER (1964, Eric Bedford). Professor W. E. Hoskins  
MANSION HOUSE, EC2 (1739-53, George Dance the Elder). Frank Muir  
MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, SW1 (1898-1907, William Young). Dr Alan Borg  
NOVOTEL, W6 (1973, T. P. Bennett & Partners). Lord Eccles  
PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY BUILDING (1912-22, Sir Edwin Cooper). Philip Giles  
REGENT'S PARK MOSQUE (1973, Sir Frederick Gibberd & Partners). Malcolm Muggeridge







300E: 0-62MPH IN 8.2 SECS, TOP SPEED 130MPH. 260E: 0-62MPH IN 9.5 SECS, TOP SPEED 133MPH. (MANUFACTURER'S FIGURES - AUTOMATIC)

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What you can't see in the picture is an even more satisfying aspect of Mercedes-Benz performance technology: the 260E and 300E's new six-cylinder engines. These 2.6 and 3 litre electro-mechanically fuel-injected sixes are the synthesis of a myriad of technical advances patiently developed over many years of testing. Their single overhead cam design delivers the high power, quiet running and extreme smoothness previously the preserve of V8s.

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As with every Mercedes-Benz, the technological integrity runs deep. *Car* magazine called the multi-link rear suspension system "the most sophisticated steel suspension ever put into volume production."

Other distinguished motoring journalists registered cornering power stronger than many sports cars, but whilst the Mercedes 300E is a super handler, its driver and passengers also enjoy a marvellously supple and comfortable ride. There is also the reassurance of standard electronic anti-lock brakes that enable a driver to steer whilst braking on slick surfaces.

The interior, too, is a study in safety engineering as well as comfort. Importantly for long-distance driving, the meticulous design of the seats and layout of the controls is aimed at removing fatigue. There is something else about these cars: Mercedes-Benz build-quality – the renowned factor that led a leading national newspaper to deduce "the Mercedes can be expected to hold its value."

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# THE ANTI-CRIME BOOM

Crime is not bad for everyone. Norman Moss examines the mushrooming security industry. Photographs by Mike Abrahams.

The soaring crime rate has produced a parallel boom in counter-crime or the security industry. The number of offences reported to the police has tripled in the past 20 years, from 1.1 million in 1965 to 3.4 million in 1985. Burglary and house-breaking have been the most spectacular growth areas: 10 times as many of these—871,000—were reported to the police in 1985 as 20 years ago.

The National Supervisory Council for Intruder Alarms reckons that 42,000 burglar alarms were installed 10 years ago, and 122,000 last year, some of them of extraordinary technical ingenuity.

Other branches of the security industry have shown a similar increase. The turnover of members of the British Security Industry Association has risen from £378 million to £557 million in the past five years. There are now more closed-circuit television cameras in stores, more store detectives, and uniformed guards in places that had none a few years ago.

Almost twice as much money is carried in armoured vans: we are not a cashless society, there is more money than ever in circulation. One company alone, Securicor, transports £60,000 million a year in cash in 1,400 armoured vans, and delivers a million parcels a week.

Other, less conspicuous manifestations of the security industry have proliferated in recent years to meet new demands, like specialists in "personal protection", who advise business firms on dealing with the threat of kidnappings and hijackings.

The Director-General of the British Security Industry Association is John Wheeler MP. The greater readiness of businesses and individuals to look to their own devices to protect themselves and their property does not, he believes, reflect any lack of confidence in the forces of the law. "The industry is not a substitute for the police, and it does not try

to be," he says. "Under common law it is the citizen's obligation to take care of his property. The industry helps him do this."

The Chairman of Group 4 Security, Philip Sorensen, who started the company as the British branch of his father's Swedish-based security company, says security has now become a profession. "It has professional standards and professional qualifications," he says. "At one time a security guard was mostly there as a status symbol: someone to salute the chairman when he arrived and open his car door. No longer."

At Group 4 the professionalism is seen in the training, which is done at the company's training centre at its headquarters outside the picturesque village of Broadway, Worcestershire. There, in a mock-up store with shelves and counters, trainees see how a shop-lifter works. In another classroom, trainee security officers study a model of an industrial complex and discuss where to patrol, where to put intruder alarms, and what kind would be most appropriate.

Like other professions, the security industry tries to maintain standards. The British Security Association vets employees of member firms: they must have a clean record going back 20 years, or to their school days. The National Supervisory Council for Intruder Alarms inspects alarm systems to see that they are properly installed.

The expertise is seen in modern security technology. It is no coincidence that Chubb Locks, who have been making locks and bolts since the 18th century, were taken over two years ago by Racal, the electronics firm which makes guidance systems for missiles.

The biggest security firms have control centres linked to alarm systems and personnel. Access is tightly controlled, usually by automatic locks which open when a card is dis-

played and a number punched in, and by a guard behind bullet-proof glass. Security guards and armoured vans report in by radio at regular intervals. Television screens monitor the status of alarm systems.

The burglar alarms linked to these centres used to be linked to police stations, but they sounded so many false alarms—set off by a wandering cat, or by an unusually heavy lorry rumbling by—that the police in most areas will not accept this link now. New developments in intruder alarm systems are aimed at preventing false alarms.

Some alarms work by detecting motion, some by detecting heat, such as the body heat of an intruder.

## HOW A NEW, INGENUOUS CASH BAG FOILS AN ATTEMPTED ROBBERY...



The most vulnerable moment for an attack: a Group 4 Security carrier approaches his van, transporting cash.



The fully automatic Transalarm S100 cash bag is snatched by a thief, thereby triggering off a unique chain of reactions.



Immediately after the bag is snatched, a smoke-emitting device is activated which releases hot, red smoke.



An irremovable red dye is then discharged which penetrates the contents of the bag, rendering them useless.





A course in security driving for company chauffeurs includes direct combat. Below right: Group 4 Security control room.

→ intruder, and some by sonar, like an anti-submarine detector on a warship which emits sound waves and detects any interference, a kind of sonic radar. Other alarms combine two of these methods. A new alarm has been developed which responds to the sound of breaking glass, and only that sound.

One sophisticated alarm system for large premises was put to use even before it was officially installed. A Rascal-Chubb salesman was demonstrating it to a director of an industrial firm one night, and set it up at the plant. A burglar climbed over the fence while the salesman was explaining how it worked. The system located the break-in, a television camera operated by remote control focused on the scene and zoomed in. Sitting in the security office, they saw the intruder clearly on a screen. The police were summoned—and the

sale, not surprisingly, was made. Some of today's thieves are amazingly sophisticated. One gang outwitted an electronic alarm that was guarding a storage depot containing spirits and cigarettes in the Home Counties. They climbed down a manhole into a British Telecom junction box and located the wire that led to the alarm. Then they attached an electronic device that duplicated the electrical signal indicating that everything was normal, cut the wire leading to the alarm and ransacked the warehouse. Now some alarms have wires that do not go through a British Telecom junction. (Prisons encourage inmates to attend classes and take correspondence courses, but they ban courses in electronics.)

Because of the increase in house burglaries, many people have taken to keeping valuables in a rented safe

deposit box. More of these safe deposit centres have been opened in the wealthier parts of cities, where they are closely guarded by hi-tech security systems. One attraction is that insurance premiums are lower for valuables kept there.

Pervaz Latif, whose company owns two safe deposit centres in London, in Knightsbridge and St John's Wood, comments: "It's not surprising that there's a growing demand, with 500 burglaries a week in central London. One couple came in the other day in a state of agitation and took a box without even asking the price. They'd just been burgled. They kept their jewelry in six packages scattered around the flat, and the burglars took three of them."

Many businesses now find they must take precautions against electronic eavesdropping. John Hopper, a senior executive of Comet Radio-

vision Services, the electrical goods discount house chain, recently found that the telephone in his home was bugged. Comet was part of a group involved in a take-over bid at the time. Bedfordshire police investigating the matter said later that it was possible that up to 50 other executives' telephones might be tapped. A professional specialist in electronic counter-measures, Ray Winklemann, says that of five executive offices he checked recently, two were bugged.

Andrew Martin is the head of Audiotel International, which makes an anti-bug detector that sells for £2,750. He says: "Our sales have more than tripled in the last five years. One problem is that you can buy bugging devices made in Germany or Japan over the counter at electronic shops for as little as £50. You can even buy them in a duty-

napped and there is a ransom demand. Control Risks will send a man to the firm's head office and another who knows the local situation to the scene, to assist in negotiations with the kidnappers.

Christopher Grose, a director of Control Risks, says: "Sometimes agonizing decisions have to be made, for instance when there is a ransom demand and somebody's life is at risk. But we try to show that resistance is often desirable, that you can't necessarily solve this kind of problem by throwing money at it."

Another new development of the past 10 years is the security firms that contract with a business to train its executives in their own protection. This sometimes means giving courses in security driving—90 per cent of kidnappings occur when the victim is on the move—to executives, chauffeurs and wives. The course includes evading a roadblock and searching a car for a bomb.

They will also supply bodyguards. The typical bodyguard will not be a muscle-bound, broken-nosed minder but, more likely, a trim, quietly spoken man with a military background and a passion for physical fitness, who can blend into the crowd at a diplomatic reception or a cocktail party.

The infantry are the uniformed security guards, who patrol for intruders and collect and deliver cash. The uniform might give the guard a semblance of authority, but he may not carry a weapon, not even a truncheon. Yet he is more likely than ever to be attacked.

Securicor's managing director, Henry McKay, who began his career with the company driving an armoured van in Edinburgh, says: "Ten years ago there was about one attack a month on a security cash carrier. Now it averages one a day. The biggest increase is in the attack by the semi-amateur, the younger

who thinks he can grab the bag from the man carrying it or from the armoured van and run, or perhaps get away on a motorcycle."

Most attacks occur when cash is being carried to or from the van, so the security companies limit the amount of money carried by hand at any one time, thus reducing the potential loss. If there is a lot of money, the carrier will make several trips to and from the van.

Technology also plays a part. A new electronically-operated device attached to cash bags emits a loud noise and belches black smoke if it is separated from the carrier. It also spreads dye over the money inside the bag, and almost certainly over the man carrying it.

Sometimes, a security company undercover man will reconnoitre an area in advance of a van arriving. One of these men foiled a robbery when a van went to collect cash at Sainsbury's in Sutton, Surrey. He noticed a man waiting in a parked car and another man nearby, jotted down the car's licence number and telephoned Scotland Yard's robbery squad. They knew the undercover man, and took the tip seriously. A quick check showed that the car was stolen, and detectives sped to the scene. They watched and waited while the two men took up positions as the armoured car arrived, then arrested them. One carried a gun.

A few security firms supply trained store detectives, either because a store has none or because it wants to supplement its own contingent. A typical West End store will have one detective for every 75 other staff members.

Elizabeth Watt, who is in charge of detectives for Group 4 Security, explains: "Regular shop-lifters get to know the store's own detectives. We can rotate ours—send in one for half a day and another for the next half. They might be in there as shoppers,

or as temporary office staff. The store's own detectives are known to the staff. Ours won't be, and we reckon that more than half the thefts from shops are by staff."

A chain store called in a detective from outside to deal with the situation in one branch where they were suffering heavy losses through theft and suspected that staff were involved. The detective watched closely but could not see any pilfering. Then she found that the manager had installed his own cash register alongside the store's seven, and was taking it home every night, along with its contents.

The security industry co-operates closely with the police. Its representatives sit with police on the Home Office Steering Committee on Crime Prevention, as well as other committees on specialized subjects—there is one on burglar alarms, for instance. Occasionally the police have found it necessary to draw a line to show where private security measures should stop and give way to the authority of the police. Sometimes a group of shopkeepers has banded together in a scheme to have uniformed security guards with two-way radios patrolling their shopping area, usually after a wave of thefts. The police have asked them to drop the scheme; they do not want uniformed men other than police patrolling a public thoroughfare.

But, in general, the police are happy to see another group of professionals combating—and, even more important, preventing—crime. The Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, recently addressed a meeting of the British Security Industry Association and told them: "It is entirely right that the private citizen should be able to draw on the protection that the members of the association offer. These services complement the determined effort of the police in this field." ○

free shop at Frankfurt Airport." Other specialists advise businesses on protecting their personnel against terrorist attacks and kidnappings, and dealing with these situations when they arise. One consultant in this area says: "Top management is much more ready to give time to this issue now, to get involved itself in protection measures and contingency plans, instead of just leaving it to the security manager."

Control Risks gives advice on how to counter this kind of threat, and also on how to negotiate when a kidnapping takes place. Since it started 10 years ago, the company has increased its staff from 10 to 100, and has opened two overseas offices. It has been involved in 190 cases of kidnapping and extortion, nearly all of them abroad, including the kidnapping in Ireland of Mrs Jennifer Guinness. In a typical case where a business executive has been kid-





# ENJOY LIFE WITH A REGULAR MONTHLY INCOME



An investment in National Savings Income Bonds will give you the money you need to enjoy life, month in, month out.

The interest rate on Income Bonds is 12.25%\* p.a. You'll receive your income monthly and in full, because we don't deduct tax at source.

The interest is credited direct to your bank or building society account on the 5th of each month, or we can send it direct to your home.

Either way it means some welcome money coming in regularly.

## No need to touch your capital.

You get your monthly income without needing to touch your capital.

Interest is calculated on a day-to-day basis. It is paid in full and is subject to tax if you are a taxpayer.

The rate paid may change from time to time, to keep it competitive.

## Getting your money out.

You can have your bonds repaid at 3 months' notice. And there will be no loss of interest if you've held your bonds for a year or more.

(For the full details of repayment, see paragraph 6 of the prospectus.)

## This is what 12.25%\* pa rate earns you every month

INVESTMENT	AVERAGE MONTHLY INCOME		INVESTMENT	AVERAGE MONTHLY INCOME	
	OLD RATE	NEW RATE		OLD RATE	NEW RATE
£2,000	£18.75	£20.42	£ 15,000	£140.63	£ 153.13
£5,000	£46.88	£51.04	£ 25,000	£234.38	£ 255.21
£8,000	£75.00	£81.67	£100,000	£937.50	£1,020.83

(Each additional £1,000 invested at the new rate produces an average of £10.21 per month – £122.50 per year. Maximum holding £100,000.)

*Interest rate correct at time of going to press.*

## Invest here and now.

You can be sure your investment will always provide a worthwhile monthly income. All you have to do is complete the coupon and send it with your cheque (payable to 'National Savings') to NSIB, Bonds and Stock Office, Blackpool FY3 9YP.

Or ask for an application form at your post office. The minimum purchase for new investors is £2,000; if you already have a bond it is £1,000.



**INCOME BONDS.** Probably the most enjoyable investment you'll ever make.



# PROSPECTUS FOR NATIONAL SAVINGS INCOME BONDS

30 May 1986

1. The Director of Savings is authorised by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to receive until further notice applications for National Savings Income Bonds ("Bonds").

2. The Bonds are a Government security, issued under the National Loans Act 1968. They are registered in the National Savings Stock Register and are subject to the Regulations relating to the National Savings Stock Register for the time being in force, so far as these are applicable. The principal of and interest on the Bonds will be a charge on the National Loans Fund

## PURCHASE

3.1 Subject to a minimum initial purchase of £2,000 (see paragraph 4) a Bond may be purchased for £1,000 or a multiple of that sum. Payment in full must be made at the time of application. The date of purchase will for all purposes be the date of receipt of the remittance, with a completed application form, at the Bonds and Stock Office, Blackpool, or such other place as the Director of Savings may specify

3.2 An investment certificate, bearing the date of purchase, will be issued in respect of each purchase.

## HOLDING LIMITS

4.1 No person may hold, either solely or jointly with any other person, less than £2,000 or more than £100,000 of Bonds. Bonds inherited from a deceased holder will not count towards this permitted maximum. Furthermore, Bonds held by a person as trustee will not count towards the maximum which he is permitted to hold in his personal capacity; nor will Bonds held in trust count towards the permitted maximum of a beneficiary's personal holding.

4.2 The Treasury may vary the maximum and minimum holding limits and the minimum initial purchase from time to time, upon giving notice. No such variation will prejudice any right under the prospectus enjoyed by a Bondholder immediately before the variation in respect of a Bond then held by him.

## INTEREST

5.1 Interest will be calculated on a day to day basis from the date of purchase at a rate determined by the Treasury ("the Treasury rate").

5.2 Interest will be payable on the 5th day of each month. The Director of Savings may defer payments of accrued interest otherwise due in respect of a Bond within the period of six weeks following the date of purchase until the next interest date following the end of that period.

5.3 If on repayment the Bond has, by reason of paragraph 6.1, earned less interest than the total already paid in respect of the Bond under paragraph 5.2 the balance will be deducted from the sum to be repaid. Any interest earned on the Bond and not already paid before repayment will be added to the sum to be repaid. If, in the case of repayment under paragraph 6.2, it is not reasonably practicable to stop an interest payment from being made after the repayment date, the amount of that interest payment will be deducted from the sum to be repaid.

5.4 The Treasury may from time to time vary the Treasury rate upon giving six weeks' notice

5.5 The Treasury may from time to time vary the intervals at and dates on which interest is payable, upon giving notice, and in so doing may specify holding limits above or below which any variation will apply. No variation will apply to a Bond issued before the variation unless the Bondholder agrees to such application.

5.6 Interest on a Bond registered in the sole name of a minor under seven years of age will normally be paid into a National Savings Bank account in the name of the minor.

5.7 Interest on a Bond will be paid without deduction of Income Tax, but it is subject to Income Tax and must be included in any return of income made to the Inland Revenue

## REPAYMENT

6.1 A Bondholder may obtain repayment of a Bond at par before redemption upon giving 3 calendar months' notice.

The Bond will earn interest at the Treasury rate from the date of purchase up to the repayment date where repayment falls on or after the first anniversary of purchase. Where the repayment date falls before the first anniversary of purchase the Bond will earn interest at half the Treasury rate from the date of purchase up to the repayment date.

6.2 Where an application for repayment of a Bond is made after the death of the sole or sole surviving registered holder no fixed period of notice is required and the Bond will earn interest at the Treasury rate from the date of purchase up to the date of repayment, whether or not repayment occurs before the first anniversary of the purchase.

6.3 Any application for repayment of a Bond must be made in writing to the Bonds and Stock Office, Blackpool and accompanied by the investment certificate. The period of notice given by the Bondholder will be calculated from the date on which the application is received in the Bonds and Stock Office.

6.4 Application may be made for repayment of part of a Bond in an amount of £1,000 or a multiple of that sum provided that the holding of Bonds remaining after the part repayment is not less than the minimum holding limit in paragraph 4.1 as varied from time to time under paragraph 4.2. The preceding sub-paragraphs will apply to the part repaid as to a whole Bond: the remaining balance will have the same date of purchase and the same interest dates as were applicable to the original Bond immediately prior to repayment.

## PAYMENTS

7. Interest will be payable direct to a National Savings Bank or other bank or building society account or by crossed warrant sent by post. A Bondholder may only designate one account or method of payment to apply to his entire holding of Bonds at any time. Capital will be repayable direct to a National Savings Bank account or by crossed warrant sent by post.

## MINORS

8. A Bond held by a minor under the age of seven years, either solely or jointly with any other person, will not be repayable, except with the consent of the Director of Savings.

## TRANSFER

9. Bonds will not be transferable except with the consent of the Director of Savings. Transfer of a Bond or part of a Bond will only be allowed in an amount of £1,000 or multiple of that sum and will not be allowed if the holding of the transferor or transferee would thereby be outside the holding limits imposed by paragraph 4.1 as varied from time to time under paragraph 4.2. The Director of Savings will normally give consent in the case of, for example, devolution of Bonds on the death of a holder but not to any proposed transfer which is by way of sale or for any consideration.

## NOTICE

10. The Treasury will give any notice required under paragraph 4.2, 5.4, 5.5 or 11 of the prospectus in the London, Edinburgh and Belfast Gazettes or in any other manner which they think fit. If notice is given otherwise than in the Gazettes it will as soon as is reasonably possible thereafter be recorded in them.

## GUARANTEED LIFE OF BONDS

11. Each Bond may be held for a guaranteed initial period of 10 years from the first interest date after the date of purchase. Thereafter, interest will continue to be payable under the terms of the prospectus until the redemption of the Bond. The Bond will be redeemed at par either at the end of the guaranteed initial period or on any interest date thereafter, in either case upon the giving of six months' notice by the Treasury. The Director of Savings will write to the Bondholder before redemption, at the last recorded address for his Bondholding, informing him of the date of the redemption notified by the Treasury

Please note: Interest is earned for each day at 1/365 of the annual rate (and at 1/366 of the annual rate for each day in a leap year). This note does not form part of the prospectus

## APPLICATION TO PURCHASE

To NSIB, Bonds and Stock Office, Blackpool, FY3 9YP

**INCOME BONDS**



1 I/We accept the terms of the Prospectus and apply for a Bond to the value of:-

£ ,000

Initial minimum of £2,000 and multiples of £1,000 to a maximum of £100,000

2

Surname(s)

All forename(s)

Mr/Mrs/Miss

Address

Postcode

Name of Trust (if applicable)

Date of Birth (essential if under 7)

Day Month Year

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NAME AND ADDRESS FOR DESPATCH OF INVESTMENT CERTIFICATE (if different from above)

105604

Name

Address

Postcode

If you already have a National Savings Income Bond, insert Register No

4

Enter full account details for interest to be paid direct to a Bank/Building Society or National Savings Bank Account, or name and address only if you prefer crossed warrants by post:

Bank Sorting Code (Shown in the top right hand area of your own cheques)

Bank Building Society Name

Address

Postcode

A/c/Roll No.

A/c Name(s)

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Signature(s) (In a joint holding all holders must sign)

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# BURGESS

## AT BAY

ANTHONY BURGESS'S 70th BIRTHDAY ON FEBRUARY 25 SEES THE PUBLICATION OF A FIRST VOLUME OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY. CHRISTOPHER HAWTREE TALKS TO THE PHENOMENALLY PROLIFIC NOVELIST WHOSE FORMIDABLE ENERGIES SEEM TO BE REDOUBLED BY CONFLICT. PHOTOGRAPH BY RIC GEMMELL.

"They're dreadful places, hotels," Anthony Burgess said as he reached for an outsize box of matches and lit another slim cigar. The noise of pneumatic drills, a few hundred yards away in Oxford Street, was matched by that of a Swedish trade delegation tramping along the corridor near his room on the way to another session. "You can't get in the bar, there's such a crush, and the staff's so busy ministering to them that it's impossible to get any sandwiches up here. Terrible, terrible."

Successive swathes of smoke rose and clung to the ceiling as he and his charmingly ebullient Italian wife, Liana, recalled the greater pleasure offered by life in a Bedford Dormobile. "It was marvellous, we could go anywhere at whim, pull up next to a cathedral, everything was to hand. But here, it's like so many places now, only used to dealing with people as groups."

The telephone rang, as if to emphasize the regimented terror of a West End hotel. Liana reached out for the receiver. A frown came over her face. "No, I don't think so," she said, looking across at her husband. She covered the mouthpiece. "Antonio, they want to know if you're going to *Carmen* tonight." "No, I'm certainly not. They keep asking me. I couldn't bear it. The only point would be to denounce it."

"But you could close your eyes, just listen," she said afterwards. "No, no, they've ruined the words, chopped them about and let me in for it again with the critics. *Carmen*." As its translator spoke, the

title of Bizet's opera in the English National Opera's Chevrolet-strewn version assumed all the force of a particularly choice expletive.

The scene was of a piece with much of Anthony Burgess's crowded life. Beleagured, he thrives when others would despair, each fracas serving to send him back to the typewriter or piano and redouble his phenomenal energies.

He has recently been in the disconcerting habit of remarking that "time is running out". Whether or not it is the thought of that final confrontation, one which even a much-travelled cradle-Catholic can never quite escape, such assertions have stimulated him in the past year alone to publish not only the troubled *Carmen* but also the highly companionable *Homage to Quert Yuiop*—a 600-page volume which collects less than a third of his journalism since 1978—and *The Piano-players*, a short novel inspired by his father's life as an accompanist in the silent cinemas, a work which anticipates the first instalment of his own "confessions", *Little Wilson and Big God*, published by Heinemann on February 25 to celebrate his 70th birthday.

"That's the publisher's idea, not mine," he says, mildly perturbed by the seer-like status that such timing suggests. Graham Greene has described him as looking "venerable" ("the scoundrel," counters Burgess with the edgy banter which characterizes relations between these two exiles on the shores of the Mediterranean). The cover of the

autobiography even sports a sculpture which would not look out of place on a pillar beside the Sheldonian. It is far removed from the energetic figure dressed in a corduroy jacket best described as comfortable.

"I am far from ready to start writing my own," he said of John Osborne's memoirs not so long ago. And yet here is an equally compelling book of similar length—some 450 pages—which likewise takes its author to the brink of fame and reveals an early life refreshingly free from the circumscribed territory of so much "literary" reminiscence. Why the change of heart? "Well, I'd just ripped up 170 pages of a novel—the first time that's happened to me, awful thing to do—and I thought I'd come to an end. This seemed the logical way to keep writing." He smiled. "But I'm back at page 205 now. I *think* I can see a way through. Professors never understand the trial and error of this. You simply can't map it out, that doesn't work. I'm trying to write about a musician, a composer—an Elgar perhaps. I've written 29 novels, people say I should stop at 30. A round number." He looked doubtful, and drew on the glowing cigar.

As long ago as 1964, when he had published a mere dozen, Julian Mitchell showed an enthusiasm all the more welcome when one considers the curmudgeonly reception often given to Burgess by metropolitan critics who are suspicious, or resentful, of the prolific. "Reading them," Mitchell wrote, "one is astonished at the richness of his imagination, at the

abundance of characters, settings and ideas... If he hasn't yet written a really big book it's only, one feels, because he hasn't yet had time to do more than put down novels as they burst upon him. But I can't think of any English novelist more likely to write a really big book about our times." This remark was fulfilled 17 years later, after another dozen equally diverse novels (including the *Enderby* series), when he published the epic *Earthly Powers*. Not only did this embrace many of the century's appalling landmarks, it was popular enough—as *MF* and *Abba* *Abba* could never be—to oust from his paperbacks the "author of *A Clockwork Orange*" tag with which he had been misleadingly lumbered since Kubrick's film a decade before.

He has continued to work on a large scale, without abandoning such diversions as a children's book which uses ideas taken from two facing pages of the *Oxford Companion to English Literature*, a history of the bed (in which he works, despite the postman's look of disbelief) and a choice of the best 99 novels since the war. "I wish I'd put in A. E. Ellis's *The Rack*—wonderful, terrifying book, the best written about tuberculosis. John Lodwick as well. So many good writers are not taken seriously. And some popular ones not given real credit by academics. It's the centenary of *A Study in Scarlet*—it will be interesting to see whether much is made of that. To create a character, as Conan Doyle did, with a life of his own is remarkable."

»→







## 6 FOR MNEMONIC PURPOSES

### I HAD CONVERTED MY ARMY NUMBER INTO A TUNE ON THE CHINESE PRINCIPLE OF NOTATION . . . 7388026 MADE A CATCHY LITTLE THEME AND I IMPROVISED A RHAPSODY ON IT AS I WENT NORTH 9

»→ Soon after his futuristic *The End of the World News* came the biblical *The Kingdom of the Wicked*, written in tandem with a television series, *A.D.*—a reminder that only a Harold Robbins, another Monaco inhabitant and the frequent object of Burgess's scorn, can survive without journalism and the writing of films that rarely reach the screen.

The memoirs will be even longer than either of these. Unlike many who make their past public, Burgess does not pretend to modesty, and he is used to criticism. ("There's a lot of malice about. I always try to be fair. Now, Geoffrey Grigson was very rude about me once. . . ." "But, Antonio, it was a very funny piece!") "Hum, anyway, it didn't stop me thinking he reached a peak with his late poetry. I don't think it's fully appreciated yet.") The ego that fills the memoirs almost becomes another character. "I write about this somebody else because I think he may stand for a great number of my generation—those who were dimly aware of the muddled ethos of the 20s, were uneasy in the 30s, served their country in the 40s and had some difficulty in coming to terms with the postwar world—and the peace or prolonged truce that is still with us."

The title suggests the first overwhelming conflict of which its author was aware. Christened John Burgess Wilson and confirmed as Anthony, he was 40 when he pulled "the cracker of my total name and unfolded the paper hat of Anthony Burgess". It is a well-chosen image, for he once said that he sees himself "as a creature of gloom and sobriety, but my books reflect a sort of clown. And yet I believe if I had written my first novel out of the experience of my early days in Lancashire, with the sense of exile, the taunts of 'cat-lick' and 'proddy dog', I should not have been a comic writer at all."

"When I read the manuscript of *Little Wilson and Big God* I thought—how depressing," commented Liana. "Then, with the proof copy, how funny." His comedian's strength can be traced back as far as 1919 and a 'flu epidemic. "There was no doubt of the existence of God," he recalls. "Only the supreme being could contrive so brilliant an after-piece to four years of unprecedented suffering and devastation. I, apparently, was chuckling in my cot while my mother and sister lay dead on a bed in the same room." It is a scene even more startling than the dead dog at the foot of Graham Greene's pram in *A Sort of Life*. "Yes,

there's something to be written on Greene and dogs, isn't there? Buller in *The Human Factor*. But his memoirs are strange, he's holding something back."

The same cannot be said of Burgess. Written with what at first appears headlong speed, his memoirs soon reveal an artistry that does not obscure the life itself. The unabashed "raunging" (Lancashire for making love), whether—initially—at the hands of a widowed Workers' Educational Association lecturer or in creaking Blackpool lodging-houses, will doubtless bring down that feminist fire which, to his annoyance, presented him with a pink marzipan pig for some jocular asides about the Virago Press.

Not mere smoking-room tales of conquest, the encounters are those of a rootless youth whose life in a pub and a shop also found him quickly delighting in words, even appearing as a caricaturist in the *Daily Express* and, above all, discovering middle-C on the piano and beginning a musical odyssey which continues to this day. An enterprising record company should issue an anthology of his work. ("I've not heard some myself. I wrote a piece for Glasgow recently but the union rules forbid a recording.") Whether at school, on ship or in a pub he has always composed something for the available musicians. On joining the Army, "I already had my number—7388026—and, for mnemonic purposes, had converted it into a tune on the Chinese principle of notation. 1 is the first note of the diatonic scale and 8 the last. A zero is a crotchet rest. 7388026 made a catchy little theme and I improvised a rhapsody on it as I went north."

It is no wonder that such an individual spirit became a "marked man", much as he had done under his tutor A. J. P. Taylor at Manchester University. The Army and service in Gibraltar brought out his latent sense of comedy, given an acerbic edge when he was not allowed leave to return to his wife after she had been brutally attacked by marauding GIs.

His first marriage, to the Welsh Lynne, is at the centre of the memoirs' overlapping pattern of conflict. It is deeply moving. While she only ever read the end of *Ulysses*, Burgess's favourite novel, he could not abide her favoured Jane Austen. For all the outward acrimony, their hefty drinking sessions and mutual infidelity, it is possible that without Lynne's relish for a nomadic life Burgess would never have reached Malaya and found his novelist's voice with the sequence collected as *The Long Day Wanes*. "The Malay language changed not just my attitude to communication in general but the whole shape of my mind."

It is a vocation that also owes something to the Duke of Edinburgh. A great set-piece recalls that on a tour of inspection he met with the usual fawning, but was given a stream of complaints by the forthright Lynne. "The Duke, used to the strong language of the Navy, seemed to like this intrusion of truculence. . . ." But Burgess, always a marked man in colonial eyes, was pointed towards England, where an apparent brain tumour gave him less than a year to live.

Believing that he would finish his days in Hove, he decided to write six novels in a year so that he could leave some future royalties. "And I did," the book concludes. The tragic twist,

of his survival, her cirrhosis and his retreat to Malta ("a mistake—vile place") to avoid death duties on his own earnings awaits the second volume, *You've Had Your Time*.

Burgess looks at the silent telephone and decides that between renewed threats of *Carmen* and the Swedish businessmen, he will settle for the latter.

Perched on a bar-stool and surrounded by foreign voices, the embodiment of one of his characters, he swilled a gin and tonic, and reflected on his sense of exile as a child in Manchester, which had led him to the Catholic principality of Monaco, "a sort of homing, really". He once described "the kind of community I love best—shark's fins and chillis and cabbages all in the same shop". It does not sound quite the same as piano playing with Princess Grace, about whom he has written most touchingly. "Yes, I suppose that's truer of Manchester now, but I couldn't go back there. It's just nothing, drained of life." Among other things, the early part of *Little Wilson and Big God* forms a living repository of folk tradition and language that has been rapidly swamped by bureaucratic uniformity. How does England itself seem on each return? "It's odd. The other day I read of John Braine's 'recent death'. I didn't know he'd died, it wasn't in the French papers. You get a different perspective. I also found that in the 50s—all those people in Bertorelli's—so *insular*. London's good for gossip, though. Edmund Wilson found that, too."

"How the place is being ruined, that's all the clearer. A Common Market which exists simply to sell cheap butter to Russia. That's not the meaning of a European spirit. And the destruction of the ancient counties—a totally gratuitous thing to do, just like this wretched decimal currency. Nobody was asked, merely told." His Orwell variation, 1985, contains a fine defence of the old system's perfect logic. "Who would have thought we would see a Cambridge edition of Lawrence with a chart to explain that?" He signalled to the barman, who had been speaking Italian with Liana, and pulled out a pound coin. "Horrible . . . Oh, look, this one's in Welsh." He held the edge to the light. "*Pleidiol Wyf I'm Gwlad*. Let me think: Faithful, no, Partial, Am I to My Country."

He smiled, hesitated and pushed it across the bar in exchange for a cigar. As he lit it, he announced cheerfully, "we're too late for *Carmen*." ○



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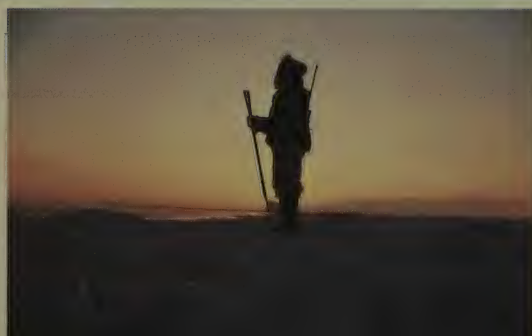
# POLAR BEAR HUNT

Winter hunting in north Greenland is a hazardous business, undertaken only by a few Eskimo hunters. Bryan and Cherry Alexander, who recently accompanied one such expedition, record their experiences in words and photographs.

The paw prints were big, but more important they were still soft. They were the first fresh polar bear tracks we had found in a fortnight. After examining them Ituku and Jens, the Eskimo hunters I was travelling with, hurried to their dog teams and we set out to follow the tracks. For the first two hours they led us over the most difficult pack ice, and then from a pressure ridge we caught sight of the bear in the distance.

We unlashed the sleds and hastily discarded everything but the absolute essentials. The dogs sensed the excitement as we gave chase, and with lighter loads we travelled much faster, but the bear was aware of us and quickened its pace.

Just before sunset we began to close in on the bear. Ituku cut the traces of six of his dogs which, given their freedom, ran flat out after the bear. Ituku ran by the side of his sled shouting encouragement to the remaining team. →



Far left: sledging on pressure ice; left: one of the Eskimo hunters stands on a pinnacle of ice to look for polar bear; above: barking huskies close in on their quarry. Overleaf: the hunted bear plunges into icy water in an attempt to escape.







→ Suddenly the bear stopped and stood its ground. The huskies surrounded it, barking furiously. In a last bid for freedom the bear lunged forward, knocking one of the huskies into the air with a swipe of its forepaw. The husky howled in pain and retreated while the bear headed for a nearby channel, plunging through the thin ice into the water. Ituku reacted quickly. Fearing the bear would sink if he shot it he grabbed his harpoon, hurling it at the bear, then reached for his .306 rifle to administer the *coup de grâce*, but it was not necessary. The bear sank dead beneath the surface of the water.

Ituku and Jens were jubilant as they hauled the body onto the sea ice. Last year they had hunted polar bear for a month without success. The bear was an elderly female of about 200 kilograms. Ituku pointed out her decaying and broken teeth. They sharpened their snow knives and set about skinning and butchering the carcass immediately. With the temperature at  $-35^{\circ}\text{C}$  it had to be done before it froze solid. Ituku threw away the liver into the water as its high vitamin A content makes it poisonous to both man and dogs. Everything else would be eaten and was loaded onto the sleds.

Ituku and Jens stretched the beautiful pelt out onto the ice. Sold complete as a rug or a wall hanging it would be worth over £1,000 to them, but they do not hunt polar bears for money. Ituku picked up his knife, and after using his harpoon to measure carefully the hunting shares, he cut the skin into two pieces. A good-sized skin will make three pairs of traditional polar bear skin trousers, which have been worn by the polar Eskimos for centuries. For warmth and durability they have found no substitute, and almost as important is the tradition and status of a hunter having a fine pair of such trousers. Only a select few of the better hunters make these long and hazardous winter hunts far from land out in the pack ice between North Greenland and Canada.

The polar bear is no longer listed by the IUCN (International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources) as "endangered", having been re-classified to the slightly less precarious status of "threatened". There are upwards of 20,000 polar bears left in the Arctic region. Controls over their killing vary from country to country, but are strict throughout. The culture of the 800 polar Eskimos of Northwest Greenland is also under great pressure. One can question the need to maintain a hunting culture in the 1980s, but in this remote part of the high Arctic where employment possibilities are few, the only real alternative to hunting is to live on government handouts.

The polar Eskimos have a history of conservation. Their local hunting regulations, some of which date back to the 1920s, show an insight and understanding of the wild-life that inhabits their remote and icy world. Snowmobiles, for example, are banned from the area. The dogsled remains the sole form of winter transport, perpetuating the need to hunt for meat, not just skin and ivory.

In some fjords whales must be hunted in the traditional way from kayaks with harpoons—motor boats are not allowed. Also, the polar Eskimos are allowed to collect the down and eggs from eider duck colonies only on a specified day each spring, early enough for the eiders to raise a second brood.

The most serious threat to the polar Eskimo culture in recent years has come from the emotional outcry at the annual Canadian baby harp seal cull which was subsequently banned, although there was no evidence to suggest that the harp seal populations were endangered. The knock-on effect was virtually to destroy the market for all types of seal skin.

For the polar Eskimos the sale of seal skins is their main source of cash income, which is necessary for buying everyday essentials from tea to ammunition. Skins that they take to the Royal Greenland Company store are shipped to Denmark

each summer and subsequently auctioned. In the 1970s a fine sealskin pelt might have fetched £35 or more. In the spring of 1985 the auctions were cancelled until further notice following a disastrous sale in which sealskins reached an average price of only £2.30 a pelt. With Greenland's hunting communities facing economic disaster, their government was forced to step in and heavily subsidize hunting.

Realizing the effect that its "Save the Seal" campaign had had on the Indians and Eskimos of Canada, Alaska and Greenland, Greenpeace halted its campaign against the fur trade because, as one of its spokesmen put it, "European cultures were again dictating to older cultures how they should live their lives." However, the damage had already been done and although the Royal Greenland Company say that there has been a slight improvement in the sealskin market during 1986, most people doubt that it will ever fully recover. ○



Ituku, the Eskimo hunter, harpoons the polar bear, killing it outright; left: a young husky sniffs the bear skin, hung out to dry.





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# PILL OF PILLS

The aspirin's origins go back to decoctions of myrtle and willow leaves. Yet new uses for it keep emerging, and world production is put at some 100,000 tons a year.

BY JOHN VANE

The ancestry of aspirin (chemical name, acetylsalicylic acid) goes back many thousands of years: salicylic acid, or salicylate, from which it is derived is a constituent of several plants long used as medicaments. About 3,500 years ago the Ebers papyrus recommended the application of a decoction of the dried leaves of myrtle to the abdomen and back to expel rheumatic pains from the womb. A thousand years later Hippocrates championed the juices of the poplar tree for treating eye diseases and those of willow bark for pain in childbirth. All contain salicylates.

Celsius (in AD 30) described the four famous signs of inflammation (rubor, calor, dolor and tumor, or redness, heat, pain and swelling) and used extracts of willow leaves to relieve them. Through the Roman times of Pliny the Elder, Dioscorides and Galen the use of salicylate-containing plants was further developed. In Asia and China also, they were being applied therapeutically. Through the Middle Ages further uses were found, as plasters to treat wounds and other applications, including the treatment of menstruation and dysentery.

On June 2, 1763, the Reverend Edmund Stone, of Chipping Norton in Oxfordshire, read a report to the Royal Society on the use of willow bark in fever. He had accidentally tasted it and was surprised by its extraordinary bitterness, which reminded him of the taste of cinchona bark (containing quinine), then being used to treat malaria. He believed in the "doctrine of signatures" which stated that the cures for diseases are often found in the same locations where the malady occurs. Since the "willow delights in a moist and wet soil, where agues chiefly abound", he gathered a pound of willow bark, dried it on a baker's oven for three months and pulverized it. His greatest success was with doses of 1 dram, which he reported using in about 50 patients with safety and success.

He concluded his paper by saying, "I have no other motives for publishing this valuable specific, than that it may have a fair and full trial in all its variety of circumstances and situations, and that the world may reap the benefits occurring from it."

His wishes have certainly been realized; world production of aspirin has been estimated at around 100,000 tons a year, with an average consumption in a developed country of about 100 tablets per person per year. Without the discovery in recent years of a great many substitutes for aspirin and its variants, consumption would have surely been many times higher.

Salicylic acid was chemically synthesized in 1860 in Germany and its ready supply led to even more extended usage, as an external antiseptic, as an antipyretic and in the treatment of rheumatism.

The father of Felix Hoffman, a chemist working for Bayer, urged his son to make a more palatable form of salicylate to help with his severe rheumatism. Felix made aspirin and asked his father to try it. Bayer's Research Director, Dr Heinrich Dreser, recognized that he had an important new drug on his hands and introduced it in 1899, at the same time writing a paper suggesting that aspirin was a convenient way of supplying the body with the active substance salicylate.

Aspirin has dozens of modern imitators, such as indomethacin, naproxen and phenylbutazone. Despite the diversity of their chemical structures, they all share to some extent the same therapeutic properties. In varying doses they alleviate the swelling, redness and pain of inflammation, reduce a general fever and cure a headache. More than that, they also share to a greater or lesser extent a number of the same type of side effects. Depending on dose, they may cause gastric upset, in high doses delay the birth process and in overdose may damage the kidneys. A particularly interesting side effect (which may have therapeutic value)

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is that some of these aspirin-like drugs also interfere with the process by which platelets (the millions of tiny cells in the blood that guard against bleeding to death) clump together in order to stem the flow of blood from a cut.

Now when a chemically diverse group of drugs all share some of the same qualities (which in themselves have not much connexion with each other), it is a fairly safe bet that the actions of those drugs are based on a single biochemical intervention. For many years pharmacologists and biochemists searched for such a common mode of action without success. That is until 1971 when my team working at the Royal College of Surgeons discovered that aspirin, and drugs like it, inhibited an enzyme which generates a family of potent substances called prostaglandins.

So what are prostaglandins? In 1935 Von Euler, a Swedish scientist later to become a Nobel Laureate, discovered that human semen caused contractions of muscles in the uterus and, thinking that the activity came from the prostate gland, he called it "prostaglandin". Through his later work and that of many other scientists, we now know that there are many different prostaglandins and that they can be made and released by almost every cell in the body. What is more, some of them, when injected into man or animals, produce the signs of inflammation and also produce fever and headache. And when one looks into fluid from a rheumatic knee joint, or from the brain of an animal with fever, there is an excess of prostaglandins present.

The idea that aspirin-like drugs have their effects through preventing the generation of prostaglandins in the body received enormous reinforcement by the actions of some of the prostaglandins themselves and by finding that they were released in inflammation. Thus, some local trauma to the body disturbs the tissues so that they release prostaglandins (among other active substances) and this pathological release causes the inflammation. By removing the prostaglandins, aspirin has a beneficial effect.

In the same way, we believe that the lining of the stomach and the blood flow to the kidneys are to some extent dependent on the constant physiological generation of a protective prostaglandin, and when this is removed by aspirin the side effects are experienced. An upset stomach is the most common, and probably aspirin causes this more than its modern mimics, for aspirin has an additional local irritant action on the stomach lining not shared by the others. Some drug firms try to overcome this by a special coating on the aspirin tablet which takes it through the stomach before the aspirin is released, but in so doing it also delays the usual quick absorption.

It is also possible that the enzymes which generate prostaglandins in the various tissues have differing sensitivities to the individual members of the aspirin family. Prevention of prostaglandin formation in brain tissue but not in joints would explain why paracetamol reduces a fever and headache, but is not a good anti-inflammatory compound. Similarly, ibuprofen is particularly strong in reducing prostaglandin production in the uterus, a basis for its use in relieving period pains, whereas it has little or no effect on the stomach.

Even though aspirin is such an old drug, we are still learning something new about it every day. Recent research has concentrated on the anti-platelet-clumping effects. The armies of platelets in the bloodstream are there to stop you bleeding to death, by sticking to the sides of a cut and to each other until a dam or thrombus is formed. The blood clots and the platelet clump is consolidated and strengthened.

A member of the prostaglandin family, called thromboxane, is released by the platelets when they are called into action and this makes them stick together. Aspirin, by preventing thromboxane formation, reduces platelet clumping and will make a cut bleed longer. We also know that platelet thrombi sometimes form within the circulation and when such a thrombus blocks an artery to the heart or the head, you

will have a heart attack or a stroke.

Physicians thought that perhaps a daily dose of aspirin might prevent a heart attack or stroke. Large-scale clinical trials were started, at first using fairly high doses of aspirin—up to six tablets a day. But then in 1976 we discovered yet another prostaglandin (which we named prostacyclin) which is made by blood vessels and helps to protect them from thrombi by preventing platelets from sticking together. Obviously, to stop the generation of prostacyclin may be harmful, so the search was on to try to find a dose of aspirin which hit the platelet but not the ability of the blood vessel to make prostacyclin.

Careful work showed that a daily dose of aspirin as low as one-eighth of a tablet was enough to neutralize thromboxane formation by platelets but was too small to affect the blood vessel wall. This selective effect was fascinating in itself. It turned out that the aspirin hit the platelets immediately after it was absorbed into the blood draining the stomach. The aspirin is then carried by the blood through the liver where enzymes turn it into salicylate, so when the blood reaches the arteries of the systemic circulation, it contains very little aspirin but a lot of salicylate, which has a less pronounced action on prostacyclin formation by the vessel wall.

So today's research has brought us full circle back to salicylate. It

now seems likely that high anti-inflammatory doses of aspirin work because they release salicylate, just as Dreser thought almost a century ago. Only very low doses are needed to have an anti-platelet effect—just one-eighth of a tablet a day.

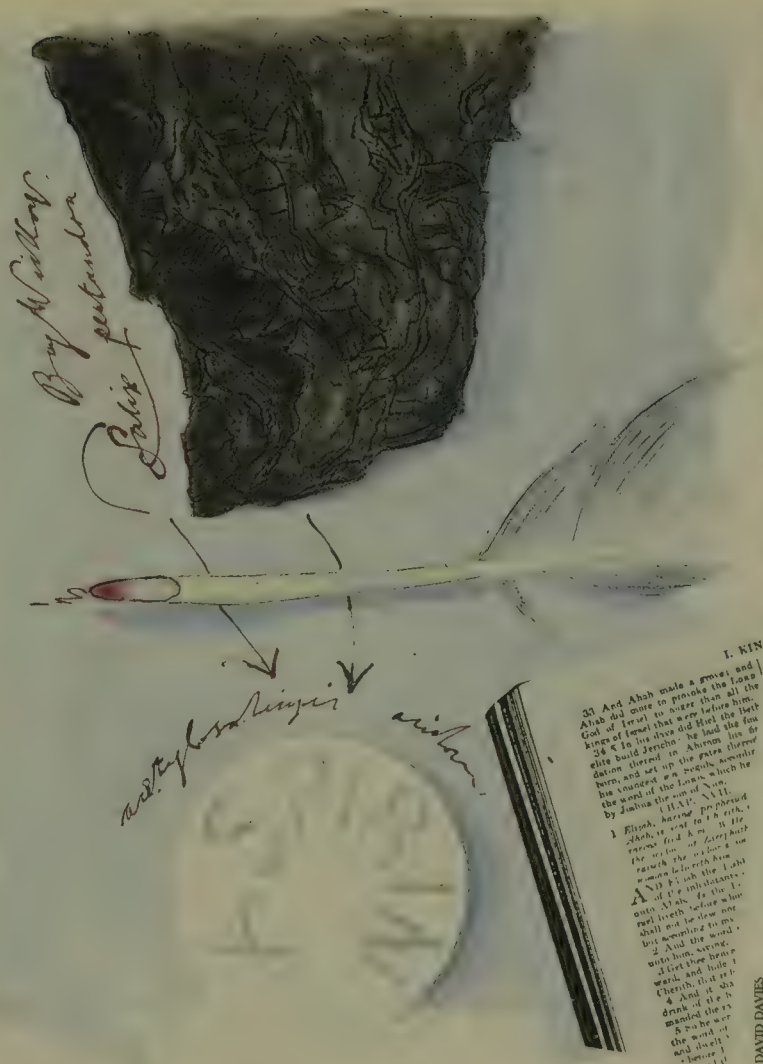
Aspirin is a remarkably safe drug, even though it has mild side effects. It has been in the news recently because of an association between its use and a rare children's disease called Reye's syndrome. This is characterized by a combination of inflammation of the brain, perhaps leading to delirium and coma, with severe liver damage. About one-quarter of the sufferers die. It usually occurs after chicken pox or influenza and is believed to arise from a virus/host interaction, possibly modified by an outside agent. It is very rare, occurring in fewer than 10 children per million aged under 18.

When children have chicken pox or 'flu, they often receive anti-fever pills, and several studies have pointed to a link between aspirin as the outside agent and the incidence of Reye's syndrome. The evidence, however, is still woolly, perhaps the most convincing being that since the US government warned in 1982 against the use of aspirin in children with chicken pox or 'flu, the incidence of Reye's syndrome has dropped to about 1.5 per million, the lowest for 12 years.

After discussions between the Committee on Safety of Medicines and the aspirin makers in the UK, it has been agreed to withdraw children's aspirin from the market and to warn against its use in children under 12 with chicken pox or 'flu. From studies in both the USA and the UK over the next few years we shall find out whether the reduced use of aspirin in children's diseases of this type does indeed reduce Reye's syndrome.

Some regard it as a draconian over-reaction to withdraw the use of a drug on the basis of evidence that is still not altogether convincing. The main supporting argument is that another drug, paracetamol (sold under various trade marks including Tylenol, Panadol, Calpol and Parahypn) is just as good at reducing fever and has not been associated with Reye's syndrome. However, as pointed out by Dr John Griffin, the Director of the Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry, aspirin has been used by young girls for period pains and for overdoses in usually unsuccessful suicide attempts. An overdose of paracetamol has more serious consequences, sometimes turning a suicide attempt into a reality.

The drug market is a highly competitive one and aspirin and paracetamol compete for sales in many countries. Let us hope that the present debate over Reye's syndrome has not been covertly sponsored by commercial considerations ○





# LIVING IN LIMBO

Officially, 135,000 refugees live in Britain. Thousands more seek asylum, unsure if they can stay and afraid to return home. Denis Herbstein meets four groups of exiles. Photographs by Mike Abrahams.

"Back home in Kurdistan I was an accountant, but you need a clear head for that work... my mind is in my country, just my body is here." The former Kurdish freedom fighter, now a refugee in England, is in the living-room of his comfortable council house in Deptford. Ismail (not his real name, his family is still in Iraq) retrained as a motor mechanic, but has not worked since coming here three years ago. He survives on social security, brooding, unwilling to adapt to British life. He telephones fellow exiles to dissect each last rumour from back home, takes the bus to the Kurdish cultural centre, watches *Rambo* on a borrowed VCR machine. Recently he has begun to suffer from debilitating bouts of migraine. Will you ever see your home again? I ask. Under the Swiss cheese plant in the living-room is a happy snap of the family in Sulaymaniyah. "Of course, of course," he says, not altogether convincingly.

Since the Second World War Britain has officially recognised 135,000 refugees—fewer than France, as many as West Germany, rather more than Sweden or Belgium. The refugees are principally Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, and Asians from Uganda who have been allowed in on official government programmes. The British Refugee Council estimate that an equal number of asylum seekers, people like Ismail, manage to get in and subsequently receive permission to stay.

Many refugees, almost half perhaps, settle in London and are cared for by the DHSS and by boroughs such as Lewisham, Camden and Tower Hamlets. Living in limbo, frightened of going back until the terror recedes, they usually become permanent settlers.

The Kurds, their historic homeland chipped out of Iraq, Iran, Turkey and Syria, are at a low ebb in their struggle for a nation state. The

Vietnamese, who fled the Communists, are likewise unlikely to see a reversal of their fortunes. Most of them are ethnic Chinese, so it makes little difference which régime runs their old country. They will stay put here. The Gnomes of Ethiopia are pawns in the super-power politics of the Horn of Africa. Only the Chileans, left-wing dissenters from the Pinochet dictatorship, can look forward with any confidence to the Latin American *coup pendulum* swinging back their way. But whether glad to stay or impatient to leave, they bear the scars.

Take the case of Sarah, wife of Ismail, once a clerk in the Kurdish city of Sulaymaniyah, nestling below the mountains of north-eastern Iraq. "We had a comfortable house with nice furniture, a garden and a Toyota. But then my husband was arrested for being in contact with the Kurdish guerrillas. The soldiers put his feet in a bucket of ice for a whole day, but he told them nothing. When he fled to the mountains after his release, they came looking for me."

A Kurdish mother and sons outside the Kurdish cultural centre in Stockwell.



Sarah was by now pregnant with her first child. She did not want to have her feet frozen and went into hiding with friends, but the government appropriated her house, and moved in an Iraqi-Arab family to enjoy the nice furniture.

"I moved from house to house, and when the baby was due I went into hospital. Luckily, the Kurdish doctor asked no questions. I was on my own and nobody knew me. The baby was born at 9pm and at 1am I left, just me and my baby, or we would have been thrown in prison. We hid for 20 days, and then I rode on horseback, with Najieb tucked under my coat, to join my husband. It was winter, very cold, and you could travel across the snow only by horse. I was helped by British soldiers and after six hours I arrived."

The family lived with the guerrillas for three months, and in the spring they rode over the mountains into Kurdish Iran. In 1982 exit documents were finally easy to get. They travelled to Aleppo in Syria, and waited a year until, helped by local Kurds, they could pay the bribes for their travel papers.

They spent eight months in one room in a hostel in Brixton before getting the two-bedroom house in Deptford. In three years Sarah has not spoken a word to her neighbours. But the equestrian Najieb, now at Grinling Gibbons infants' school, is halfway to becoming an Englishman. One of these days he will be correcting his father's grammar. Sarah, whose English improves by the day, says if the Kurds ever get their own country, or even if the Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein were overthrown, they would go back. Her eyes darken. "But before then, the Iraqis would kill us."

Ismail and Sarah are the lucky ones. Each year people of as many as 70 different nationalities apply for asylum in Britain. Very few appli-



cations are granted. Of the 4,500 people seeking sanctuary last year just 800 were granted official status under the 1951 Geneva Convention, which defines a refugee as someone who is outside his country and who, if returned there, has a well-founded fear of persecution because of his religion, nationality or membership of a particular social group or political opinion.

Britain has made asylum progressively more difficult to obtain. After 2,000 Tamil refugees had arrived, the Home Office required further would-be refugees to queue for visas at the British High Commission office in the Sri Lankan capital, Colombo, in full view of the very Sinhalese policeman they were trying to flee. The flow has been stemmed.

Britain is not the only country in Europe to put up the shutters. Austria, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, welcoming until recently, all

fear that statistic of 12 million people in the Third World who have had communal violence, drought or bullying governments and sought asylum elsewhere. The vast mass of them are among the poorest people on earth, but a small number are able to sell their last material assets and buy an air ticket to Europe.

The most precious assets they can possess are education and the acceptance that their exile is permanent. Van Cuong Truong is an ethnic Chinese who decamped from the South Vietnamese city of Cho Lon when the Communist régime threatened to move its population to the forests to develop the new economy. Mr Truong and his wife, Lan Huynh, both taught Chinese language in a school, though he later sold paint in a street market. Each adult paid 10oz of gold as a departure "contribution", and a group of Chinese clubbed together to buy a small boat for the 60 hour sail across

the South China Sea to Malaysia, where they arrived with nothing much more than the clothes they were wearing. The "boat people" chafed the conscience of the West. The Thatcher government set up a Vietnam programme, so that now some 20,000 refugees are in Britain, most of them in London.

"I chose Britain," Mr Truong explains, "because in Vietnam I learnt about Oxford and Cambridge and I wanted my children to have a good education." First he and his wife and their four children spent five months at a reception centre on the Kent coast at Hythe. "We had to get used to the English English accent," says Mr Truong, who went to a language school in Folkestone to be de-Americanized. They (four children plus an "English" addition to the family and Mr Truong's mother, who came out after them) now live in a crowded council flat in Surrey Docks, and have started

to climb the economic ladder.

His daughter Linh, aged 12, and the 11-year-old twins are at Addey Stanhope voluntary school in Lewisham. "My children speak with Cockney accents," says Mr Truong. You cannot be sure the idea pleases him. "If you talked on the phone you would never know they were Chinese."

Though the Truongs are British citizens now, they are determined that their 5,000-year heritage should not be forgotten. As with most new arrivals in London there is a community centre (which Mr Truong runs, while his wife works for the British Refugee Council), funded by Lewisham borough, with 300 children at the Saturday community school learning the tenets and literature of Mandarin.

For the community centre the biggest problem is posed by those Vietnamese who were settled in far-flung places around Britain and, unable to

Elderly Vietnamese refugees play mahjong at their senior citizens' club in Deptford, South London.

adapt, moved to London in their thousands. After the first warm welcome, "compassion fatigue" sets in and newcomers are left to fend for themselves. In the capital they hope for a job, a warmer climate, to be among family and friends. Somehow they feel nearer home. Secondary migration has been a feature of the two most recent large-scale government refugee programmes, Vietnamese and Chilean.

Refugees are dispersed to avoid the establishment of ghettos and to spread the burden on local authority services. But far away from the cosmopolitan anonymity of London, life is even more problematical, as the Muñoz family from northern Chile discovered when they were directed to Drunchapel, a working-class estate outside Glasgow. ➔



Cecilia Muñoz remembers. "Our neighbours complained that we had jumped the housing queue ahead of relatives who had been waiting for years. We couldn't explain how bad life was for us in Chile, how my husband was about to lose his job because we supported Allende [the assassinated socialist president], how the soldiers came to our house when I was seven months pregnant and turned everything, including our bedroom, upside down... we didn't have the English." There are lots of Pakistanis in Drumechapel, Mrs Muñoz says, and all foreigners are "blacks", she has good Scottish friends, but she recalls with horror a "peaceful Chilean" being beaten up in a telephone booth by local youths.

Many of the 17 Chilean refugee families quickly moved, mainly southwards, but Mrs Muñoz and her five children stuck it out (her husband left and has since remarried). Now, having acquired a sociology masters' degree at Glasgow University, she has come to London looking for a job. If the Pinochet dictatorship disappeared, she would hop on the first plane home.

The youngest child, Esteban, aged 13, is a pleasant lad although he looks as if he is growing into one of those Scottish football fans who terrify Sassenachs on the train to London. He left Chile when he was five months old. Now he says in pure Glasgowian that he would not go back because you can be shot in the street. But, yes, if things improved, he would like to see his grandmother, though both grandfathers have died in the meantime.

The Latin American Saturday school in Islington is where children are prepared for their return to various countries of origin. In the under-six class, Chileans mix with Paraguays, Colombians, Venezuelans, a Chinese-Mexican, a Welsh Salvadorian—an atlas of physiognomies and tongues from a distraught continent. The school teaches a non-conformist history. "We tell them about the Andes mountains, the beautiful rivers, but also about the harsh realities of Latin America," says Helia Lopes.

On her arrival, Mrs Lopes, a sociology lecturer in Chile, worked as a chambermaid in the Westbury, one of London's most luxurious hotels. "I found it degrading cleaning the floor, making the beds... you leave your beloved country, you come here without roots, without culture... life should be a development." Mrs Lopes also divorced her Chilean husband. "We learnt to cope when our husbands were in prison, as they were being harassed, so when we came here we were not prepared to play second fiddle."

No such domestic rivalries divide London's 100 or so Oromos. The struggle of the Eritreans and Somalis fighting to free themselves from



Ethiopia is familiar, but the little-known Oromos, who account for rather more than half that country's population, are determined to set up their homeland of 'Oromia'. Their 'relief association' is by London's Angel Underground station and they run a language class for London's half-dozen Oromo children.

Many Oromos are students who fear persecution at the hands of the Derg if they return. Chaltu has just

completed postgraduate studies in rural development at the University of East Anglia and admits her skills would be invaluable in that desperately poor country. "But when I worked in the south before coming here I was under surveillance because my brother, an Oromo student leader, had been detained without trial in Addis Ababa since 1978." And as an educated Oromo, Chaltu was herself under suspicion.

In October she applied for political asylum. The Home Office can take up to two years to make up its mind, and although Chaltu is allowed to work six months after the application goes in, she knows that 80 per cent of asylum seekers are unemployed. The Food and Agricultural Organization, which could find her job in some needy place, cannot employ her until she acquires refugee papers. So Chaltu relies on social security and the generosity of Oromo friends in London.

There are certainly advantages to being a refugee in Britain, but many still live in crowded conditions, with families in a seedy hotel room paid for by the borough, granted 'temporary admission' while ponderous decisions are made on whether they may stay. They might obtain 'exceptional leave to remain', which avoids deportation for a year, but that half approval is far short of a full-scale seal of approval. They cannot plan jobs, home, education. If there is a universal refrain from the 'temporary admissions' and the 'exceptional leaves', it is: "The worst thing is the waiting, waiting..."

Our image of refugees is lodged in a time warp of tattered suitcases and

London gatherings: party in aid of political prisoners in southern Chile; below left, a quiet moment at a social organized by the Oromo relief association.

children with strange haircuts, skeletal survivors of Hitler, escapes from Soviet invasions, Budapest and Prague, elderly Poles still hankering for the lost motherland, the not-so-welcome Asians chased away by Idi Amin. We were generous to them. We thought we owed them something. Now the stereotype has changed. We dig deep for starving Ethiopians and Mozambicans when they are "out there," as "Band Aid" eloquently testified. But, says Philip Rudge, expert on European refugees, "we should treat people decently once they have got into our system, give them training and decent housing, and not simply safety. Maybe we, in the First World, have contributed to their being refugees, like our selling weapons to the Iranians in the genocidal war with Iraq."

It is a question Mr Truong might ponder as he worries whether his children's Cockney accent constitutes a serious obstacle on the road to Oxbridge. □

## WHY THEY CANNOT GO HOME

### KURDS

The Kurds have held the high ground of the Middle East for centuries, resisting Mongol and modern invaders, but only recently have they been forced to seek refuge outside their traditional areas. Estimates of their numbers oscillate between 18 and 25 million; the difference is ascribed to the forced cultural integration practised by the Turks. For the Turks there is no such thing as a Kurd—he is simply a "Mountain Turk". At times Kurds have been fined for speaking their own language in Turkey, where schools, books and other signs of Kurdish culture are outlawed. Yet Kurds, who number almost a quarter of the Turkish population, have played an important part in that country's development.

Now, as unwilling participants in the Iran-Iraq war, they find themselves harassed at the same time by all three of their traditional enemies. Oddly enough, the most contented and prosperous Kurds are in Azerbaijan, Armenia and other Soviet republics, where they may publish their own literature and speak Kurdish openly.

In the days before the idea of a nation state took root, the Sunni Muslim Kurds were nomadic herdersmen with little group identity. The best-known Kurdish leader was Saladin, who taught the Crusaders much about chivalry. After the First World War, with the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, the Kurds were promised an independent country under the Treaty of Sèvres. But it never happened. Instead, the British incorporated oil-rich parts of Kurdistan into the mandate of Iraq, which it controlled. Other Kurdish areas ended up in Syria, a French mandate.

Since then, except for a short period of relative peace in Iraq, the Kurds have never had it so bad. For a year after the Second World War the independent Kurdish republic of Mahabad in north-west Iran raised hopes of a permanent homeland. But it collapsed for want of world support. The late Shah of Iran became a particularly harsh opponent of Kurdish aspirations.

In 1961 the Peshmarga (literally "ready-to-die") Kurdish army launched a liberation struggle against Iran and Iraq. It claims to have had 100,000 "farmers and workers trained and armed". Kurds scorn the Arab foe, who is incapable of fighting in the mountains. But helicopter gunships, MiG jets and heavy artillery have changed much of that.

There are an estimated 750,000 Kurds living abroad now, though as

many as half may be "Turkish" *Gastarbeiter* in Germany. Not all the 18,000 Kurds living in Britain are refugees—again, some 6,000 may be Turkish passport holders. But the remainder find it safer here than in the Near East.

### VietNAMESE

The fall of Saigon in 1975 and the theoretical conversion of all 50 million people in the old French Indo-China to Communism heralded one of the most dramatic human upheavals this century. Perhaps 1,500,000 people—there is no way of knowing how many—have left Vietnam, north and south, for ideological, economic and ethnic (or racist) reasons. The plight of the "boat people", desperate to get out at any cost, with risks so high that either the South China Sea or pirates accounted for half of them, has still not ended.

China and Vietnam have been rivals for centuries, but their collaboration in the war ensured that ethnic Chinese were not interfered with. Since the subsequent Chinese invasion of Vietnam and continued border incidents, the Vietnamese have turned with a vengeance on their unwelcome guests. Chinese people have lost their jobs, their schools have been closed. More than a quarter of a million Chinese from the north have been sent back across the border where they live for the moment in camps.

Others, Chinese and Vietnamese, Catholics or Buddhists, who fought on the wrong side in the Vietnam civil war, are not so lucky. They were not neutral enough, have been sent to work in the countryside devastated or simply neglected by war—in the jargon of the régime, for "re-education". They were to be subjected to forced labour and political indoctrination. Although nationalization in the South has not been as intense as at first feared, the country's economy languishes in a trough.

Even if life improved, few ethnic Chinese would go back. As for the Vietnamese, who are in the minority of refugees, much depends on a change of attitude in Hanoi. That will take a few years yet.

### OROMOS

If the 20 million Oromos (out of 34 million "Ethiopians") ever seceded, the country would surely disintegrate. The original inhabitants of the central plains of Ethiopia, they were conquered by the Amhara king, Menelek, in the last century, in a scramble for Africa involving the Italians and British. Once, in the 20s, the RAF flew in from Aden to

put down an Oromo uprising; this did not stop them from petitioning Britain for a state of their own after Mussolini's Italians were ousted from Africa in the Second World War.

Whether ruled by the late Haile Selassie, the Amhara "King of Kings", or by the (mainly Amhara) socialist Derg, who overthrew him, the Oromos are unhappy with "colonial rule" from the capital, Addis Ababa. One powerful factor against their gaining complete independence (and a seat at the United Nations) is the Organization of African Unity policy that national boundaries inherited at independence should remain intact. This is one reason why Biafra failed to get out of Nigeria, and the Eritreans, with a seemingly unanswerable case for independence, must stay where they are.

### CHILEANS

On September 11, 1973, President Salvador Allende was assassinated by soldiers in a coup led by General Augusto Pinochet. From top to bottom, this beautiful country 2,500 miles long and 100 miles wide, Allende supporters—trade unionists, politicians, students—were rounded up. Thousands were held in a football stadium in the capital, Santiago. There were shootings, torture, disappearances. Some 30,000 people are said to have been killed in the first five years after the coup.

Many fled overland, though Chile is virtually isolated from the rest of South America by the Andes. The international struggle for the million Chileans (out of 11 million) are thought to have left. Many came to Europe. The Wilson government took 3,000.

Pinochet's record on human rights, 13 years after his "day of national reconciliation", is still so bad that President Reagan has threatened stern economic measures (the CIA and American multinational corporations, concerned at Allende's radical policies, almost certainly had a hand in the coup).

These days, who are in the minority of refugees, much depends on a change of attitude in Hanoi. That will take a few years yet.

These days, who are in the minority of refugees, much depends on a change of attitude in Hanoi. That will take a few years yet.





# The changing image of Citroën

Stuart Marshall assesses their new model policy

For years past, Citroën buyers in the UK had to be enthusiasts. The reason was simple. No one but a Citroën buff would have put up with their eccentricities. Citroëns at first acquaintance can feel decidedly odd. The 40-year-old 2CV, or deux chevaux, with a chirruping twin-cylinder, air-cooled motor and groaning gearbox, does not look, feel or sound like a proper motor car.

At the other extreme the range-topping CX models also take getting used to. Their ride, although miraculously shock-absorbent, has a curiously lolloping quality as the hydro-pneumatic, self-levelling suspension smoothes bumps in the road. The pressure-sensitive brakes can feel unduly sensitive to a newcomer.

Many a prospective owner must have been frightened off a Citroën by a brief drive round the block in a dealer's demonstrator. But those who buy them become hooked on their virtues and turn into committed Citroën owners. There is another reason for a Citroën owner's loyalty to the marque. At trade-in time it was hard to get a realistic offer from anyone but a Citroën dealer—against a new Citroën, *naturellement*. . . Only if one was prepared to take a heavy loss on depreciation was it possible to get off the treadmill, though most Citroën owners known to me have been content.

Having made a number of very long Continental journeys in Citroën CX models in the last 10 years, I can vouch for their extreme comfort as they roll up hundreds of miles each day. But their image is changing with the introduction of the Citroën BX. This medium-sized hatchback has broken new ground in Britain. No car that wears the famous double chevron badge has been less idiosyn-



The BX 19 GTi: an entertaining mid-range saloon with a top speed of nearly 120mph.

cratic than the BX, which manages to be sophisticated and simple at the same time.

Its design is sophisticated in that it has the familiar self-levelling, hydro-pneumatic suspension and brakes powered by a central high-pressure system. But it needs minimal servicing. Many of its mechanical components are shared with Peugeot cars—Citroën was taken over by Peugeot some years ago—and the BX has proved to be cheap to run and to hold its value well at trade-in time.

Although the BX came to Britain more than three years ago, its sales really took off just over a year ago. It now accounts for nearly half of Citroën's total (and steadily growing) registrations in Britain, with nearly 40 per cent having diesel engines. Peugeot-Citroën knows a great deal about diesels.

One of the most entertaining Citroëns now offered to British buyers is the BX 19 GTi, with a healthy 125 horsepower from its fuel-injected 1.9 litre engine. Outwardly it looks much the same as

any other BX but no mid-range Citroën saloon has ever gone like the 19 GTi. It has a top speed of close to 120mph, handles crisply on corners, takes up to five people and their luggage, is easy to enter through its four large doors and is bargain-basement priced at less than £9,400, which includes power steering and central locking.

The build quality of Citroën cars has improved a great deal in recent years. At the factory at Rennes in Brittany where the BX is made, Japanese-style production techniques have been adopted, with workers acting as their own quality inspectors. Corrosion resistance of a Citroën is as good as that of any other high-volume product.

The BX marked a watershed in Citroën's affairs and its philosophical approach will dominate Citroën's emerging new model policy. Already the new small car, the AX, announced last autumn in France and due to arrive in Britain by the summer, has been hailed as one of the cleverest designs to appear recently in Europe. It looks quite

conventional, an amalgam of Ford Fiesta, Volkswagen Polo with perhaps a hint of Seat Ibiza and Peugeot 205, but it has been designed by computers to be made cheaply by robots. Renault, whose R5 supermini has been under assault by the Peugeot 205, is looking apprehensively at the AX. Those in the know say it can be sold profitably at a price that will considerably undercut that of the Renault 5.

The AX is exceedingly economical, because of its light weight and also because its engines are entirely new. A mid-range model, the AX 11, has a 55 horsepower, 1.1 litre engine. It will reach 100mph and return no less than 72.4mpg at a constant 56mph. These are the "official" figures, but even in the real world an AX 11 will go an unprecedentedly long way for a four- to five-seat family car on a gallon of fuel.

In the AX one looks vainly for any signs of Citroën's once traditional quirkiness. There are, however, still some original touches. The tailgate is frameless, with the hinges bolted directly to the glass. The interior is peppered with so many nooks and crannies for stowing maps, gloves, parking money and cassettes one could forget where they had been put. A huge shelf under the passenger side of the fascia will hold a handbag and there are bottle compartments in the doors.

When the AX goes on sale in Britain in early summer, buyers will find that it needs a general service at 15,000 mile intervals, with an oil change in between. Valve clearances will never need adjusting. The transmission is lubricated for life and a clutch may be changed without disturbing the engine. All these things spell low servicing bills for first and second owners.

Citroën UK's managing director Bernard Peloux is confident that the AX will take 1 per cent of the British market by itself and will boost total Citroën sales to 3 per cent. I find that entirely believable. Already, owning a Citroën stamps a motorist as having an eye for value rather than wishing to be different at all costs.

The largest Citroëns, the CX saloons and estates, have another year at least to run. But when the time comes to replace them, they will be succeeded by cars like the AX and BX that offer good value, high comfort, economy and reliability. At the same time they are agreeably different from the rest of the pack. Different, even, from the Peugeot cars whose major components they share ○



The AX 11: one of the cleverest designs to have appeared recently in Europe and due to arrive in Britain by the summer.



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## Mapping out history

Timothy Potter of the British Museum describes how a recent field survey in southern Etruria has revealed the change in the history of the landscape between the Roman and medieval periods.

Among the most conspicuous features of the volcanic terrain of southern Etruria, immediately to the north of Rome, is a series of spectacular medieval settlements. Some are still inhabited, often with charming medieval centres left as islands within a sea of later quarters and suburbs. But many more lie totally deserted, their remote and strongly defended positions having been bypassed with the onset of the modern age. Dominated by high tower strongholds, set within stout walls above sheer cliffs, they represent a phase of landscape history in which security was of prime importance, and perspectives were almost entirely local: the contrast with the settlement pattern of today could not be greater.

The recording of these medieval settlements was largely initiated by the great Italian historian, Tommasetti, whose five volumes entitled *La Campagna romana* (1910) remain a remarkable synthesis of topographical and documentary evidence. However, since the early 1950s the British School at Rome has been working on further appraisal of the region, largely through the medium of systematic field survey. Initially inspired and led by the late John Ward-Perkins, the South Etruria project has uncovered thousands of sites, medieval, Roman and older, from an area measuring more than 1,000 square kilometres.

Many fascinating conclusions emerged from the field survey, not the least being the marked difference between the medieval settlement pattern and that of the Roman period. Whereas the bulk of the medieval population was concentrated in fortified villages, most of their Roman predecessors lived in villas and farms in the open countryside, serving a very small number of towns. Here was a way of life that seems to reflect the *pax romana*, that secure world with, as today, relatively safe highways and perspectives that were long-distance rather than parochial. The problem was to determine how, when and why the settlements of the Roman period gave way to that distinctively different medieval landscape.

Dating the pottery, which occurs in abundance on both the Roman

and the medieval sites, was clearly of great importance, especially the fine-quality Roman tableware, produced in what is now Tunisia and known as African red slipware. This was imported into Central Italy in huge quantities until commercial networks broke down between AD 550 and 600, and is found on most villas and farms in South Etruria. Not until the early 1970s was it possible to assign close dates to the myriad range of forms, and pottery specialists are still constantly refining our knowledge of this distinctive and ubiquitous ware. Similarly, little was known until recently about the types, or the dates, of pottery manufactured in the early medieval period. Even now the debate is raging over the chronology of a series of lead-glazed vessels produced in Rome for the table and sometimes called "forum ware", after a large group discovered within the Roman forum. No one can yet be quite sure whether they were first made in the sixth, seventh or eighth century, although the most recent evidence favours a later date.

Another important line of inquiry was the study of the documents, to try to establish how late the classical estate names survived, and when the

**T**he magnificent gate and walls at Falerii Novi, a Roman town abandoned by the seventh century.





medieval settlements were first mentioned. Tomassetti had gone a long way towards collating the data but there was (and is) much more to do. Nevertheless, by combining the archaeological and documentary evidence, there seemed to be a good case for suggesting that the classical villa owners continued to farm their estates as late as the ninth and 10th centuries, by which time many of the medieval villages had come into being.

This appeared to find confirmation in documentary sources which tell us of a remarkable series of estates, the *domuscultae*. These were set up by various Popes around Rome to feed the populace after the regular grain supply from overseas, the *annona*, had collapsed. In South Etruria in about AD 780 Pope Hadrian I created the *domuscul*ta of Capracorum from farms of his own and others that he purchased. According to the *Liber Pontificalis* there were vineyards, olive groves and water-mills, and Hadrian decreed that "the wheat and barley grown each year in its fields should be carefully collected and stored apart in the granary of our holy church; and the wine and vegetables . . . should similarly be diligently stored . . . and of the pigs, 100 head should be slaughtered and stored [each year]".

The *domuscultae* were not, on the whole, a success, not least because of the Arab raids which became increasingly prevalent after AD 800. In 849, as an inscription tells us, men of Capracorum were among those who helped encircle St Peter's with the massive Leonine Wall after an Arab attack. Such military setbacks, in combination with opposition from those who claimed to have lost land to the Church, did not encourage the survival of the Papal estates, and by about AD 1000 they were effectively defunct.

This apparent survival of the classical system of farming, by means of villa-type estates, is nevertheless remarkable, especially as its near-total demise was much earlier in most other parts of the Roman Empire. However, closer scrutiny of the sites—particularly through a programme of excavation that was the obvious sequel to the field survey—is beginning to reveal that the story may not be quite so simple. For example, in the Ager Faliscus—a region of South Etruria that takes its name from the pre-Roman people, the Faliscans—the field-walking brought to light no villa with pottery later than the mid sixth century. There seemed to be a gap of several centuries between the latest Roman sites and the earliest medieval features.

A start towards resolving these problems was made in 1971, when we dug a small trench into a vacant part of the still-occupied town of Mazzano Romano. Mazzano is first referred to in a document of AD 945



Above, the village of Calcata, first referred to in a document of AD 974; below, tile tomb associated with the early medieval church at Mola di Monte Gelato.

as a *castellum cum casis et edfictis*, a castle with houses and buildings. However, the excavation brought to light finds and structures that were certainly as early as the eighth century, and perhaps still older: it looked, therefore, as though some of the medieval settlements in the Ager Faliscus could have originated well before the date of the first documentary reference to the site.

From many points of view, this made good sense. Ever since the days of the great Lombard invasion of AD 568 the Ager Faliscus had lain on the northern boundary of the city of Rome's frontier, and was often a battleground. It was in many ways a natural line along which to create a defensive screen of fortified strongholds, and it may well be no coincidence that the provincial boundary between Rome and Viterbo still

passes through the region today. Indeed, this frontier line may have originated with the stabilization of the borders of the Byzantine Duchy of Rome in the late sixth century AD, explaining the early demise of the Roman villas in the Ager Faliscus.

Renewed excavation was the obvious answer, and with the full support of the Italian authorities we returned to the Ager Faliscus in 1982. We chose a deserted site at Ponte Nepesino, a promontory stronghold overlooking the point where the Via Amerina—a major highway of early medieval times—bridged a substantial river, the Cereeto. The standing tower proved to be quite late in date, belonging to the 12th century; but the rest of the promontory yielded evidence for a series of wooden houses, associated with large quantities of early medieval forum ware. Moreover, the finds suggested that this was no agricultural settlement, but a military garrison: to judge from the animal bones, even the meat was brought in to the site in the form of rations. Even though we cannot be sure from the pottery exactly when occupation began—exasperatingly, there were no coins to be found—the site does seem to have originated as a frontier post, which was in existence by the eighth century.



In 1986 we decided to look at the problem another way, by examining a villa in the same area which seemed to have been occupied in the late-Roman period. The villa, at the Mola di Monte Gelato, was laid out on a shelf along one side of a river, the Treia, and overlooked attractive waterfalls. Nearby was another deserted castle, now densely buried in woodland. Indeed the proximity of the two sites, a phenomenon widely repeated in the Ager Faliscus, might almost suggest that the villa was abandoned in favour of the more protected position of the medieval castle.

The examination concentrated upon the villa site and revealed a good many surprises. Part of the bathhouse was discovered which turned out to have been abandoned early in the fourth century AD. However, in the early fifth century a nearby vacant spot was selected for the construction of a small church. Minor modifications apart, this continued in use until about AD 800 when it was demolished and replaced by a much larger church. This was associated with other buildings which may represent secular structures of a farming community. If so, it is quite possible that the site formed part of the *domuscul*ta of Capracorum; this is a notion made still more attractive when we read in the documents about a church of St John, situated beside the river Treia, which is associated with a *castrum Capracorum*. The church is said to have been out of use by 1128, a date which corresponds very well with the archaeological evidence.

Fitting Monte Gelato into the broader interpretation of sites in the Ager Faliscus is a task which will take much more excavation (which we plan to resume in 1987). Did the villa itself carry on as a farming unit into the early medieval period, as now seems possible; was the castle site already in occupation as a refuge or stronghold by this time? Meanwhile, it throws into sharp relief the difficulties—and the fascination—of interpreting the evidence, both documentary and archaeological, for the demise of the Roman world ○

Fragments of African red slipware found at a Roman site in the Ager Faliscus.





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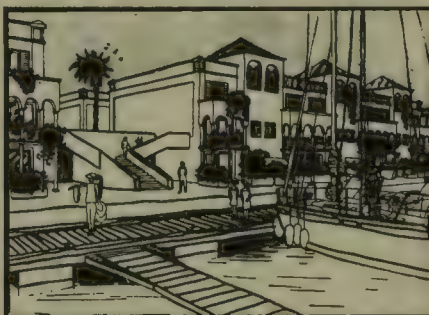
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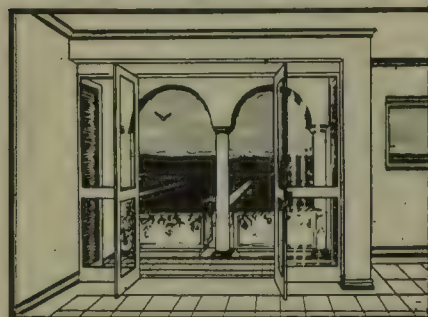
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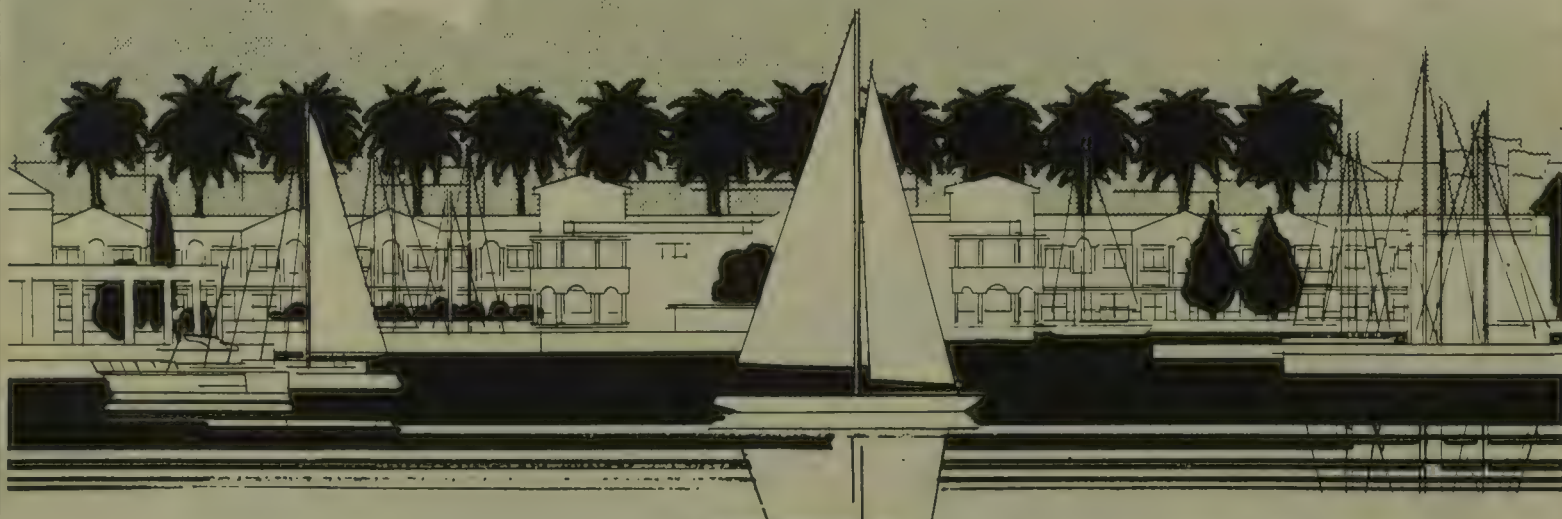
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# The fascinating family of Jupiter

Patrick Moore examines the Galileans, Jupiter's four largest satellites

During the winter of 1986-87 the giant planet Jupiter was a very conspicuous object in the evening sky. During mid-December it was close to Mars—giving rise to the usual crop of flying saucer reports. Needless to say, the two were not genuinely close together. Mars was in the "foreground", so to speak, and is a world smaller than the Earth, with a solid surface and a very tenuous atmosphere. Jupiter, on the other hand, has a globe big enough to swallow up more than 1,000 bodies the volume of the Earth, and is not solid in the accepted sense of the word. There is a silicate core, surrounded by layers of liquid hydrogen which are in turn overlaid by the dense, gaseous, hydrogen-rich atmosphere which we can see.

Much of our knowledge of Jupiter and its fascinating family of satellites comes from four space-probes, the Pioneers of the early 1970s and the two Voyagers which bypassed the planet in 1979 en route for Saturn. Of the 16 definitely known satellites, 12 are very small, but the remaining four—Io, Europa, Ganymede and

Callisto—are of planetary size. Our own Moon has a diameter of 2,160 miles. Of Jupiter's attendants, Io is slightly larger than the Moon, Europa slightly smaller, and Ganymede and Callisto much larger; indeed Ganymede, with its diameter of more than 3,000 miles, is a little larger than the planet Mercury, though less dense and less massive.

These four satellites are known as the Galileans, because they were first studied by the great Italian pioneer, Galileo, in 1610. Galileo realized at once that they were genuine attendants of Jupiter, and this was of great importance, because it showed that there must be more than one centre of motion in the Solar System. At that time the Church was vehemently supporting the theory that all celestial bodies must revolve round the Earth.

The Galileans are relatively bright, and but for the glare of Jupiter they would be naked-eye objects. Indeed, some keen-sighted people can glimpse Ganymede without optical aid, and any telescope will show all four. They move round Jupiter at dis-

tances ranging from 262,000 miles (Io) out to more than a million miles (Callisto), in periods ranging between one day 18 hours for Io up to 16 days 16½ hours for Callisto.

Callisto, the outermost, is almost as large as Mercury, but is of low density; there is presumably a rocky core, surrounded by soft ice which is overlaid by the ice-and-rock crust. The entire surface is cratered; indeed, there are so many craters that there seems no room for any more. There are also large multi-ringed formations, which have been named Valhalla and Asgard, generally thought to have been produced by the impacts of large meteoroids on Callisto early in its history. Callisto today is completely inert; nothing can have happened there for several thousands of millions of years.

Ganymede, slightly larger and more massive than Callisto, is of the same basic type, though there is evidence of some internal activity during its early stages. Here, too, there are icy craters, and one large dark patch which has been appropriately named Galileo Regio. Like

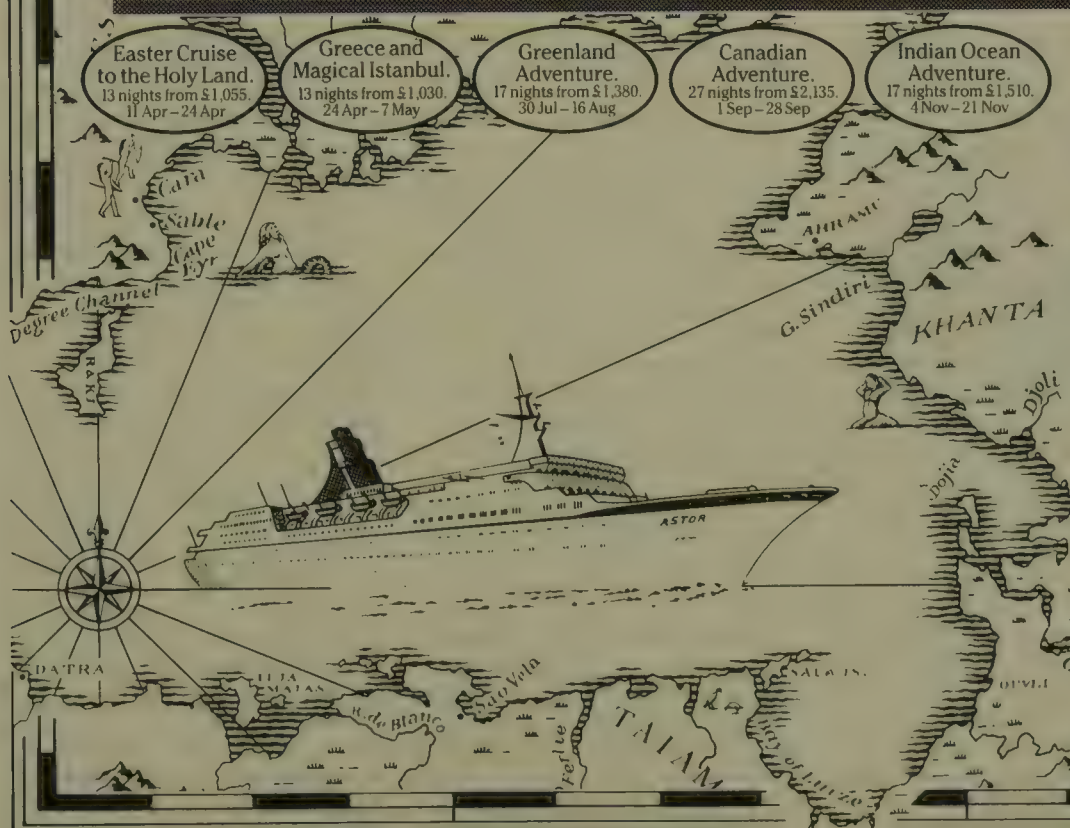
Callisto, Ganymede has no detectable atmosphere, and today it must be equally inert.

Though the two largest Galileans have many features in common, the next, Europa, the smallest of the four, is completely different. There are practically no craters or surface relief; the surface is icy, and is criss-crossed by lines which indicate very shallow depressions.

Io, the innermost Galilean, is even more surprising. Voyager showed that the surface is bright red, giving the superficial impression of a pizza. Unlike the other satellites Io is active, and powerful volcanoes are erupting all the time. They are not, of course, similar to our own volcanoes such as Vesuvius; those of Io are sulphur, and the whole surface is sulphur-coated. The general temperature is very low, but some of the volcanoes are extremely hot, with temperatures of more than 200°C.

All in all, the members of Jupiter's family are intriguing in every way—even to the owner of a small telescope who can follow them as they move round their parent planet ○

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## TRAVEL

# Voyage of discovery

David Tennant enjoys a fortnight of learning and luxury on a Swan Hellenic Mediterranean cruise.

On a mellow autumn afternoon the *Orpheus* pulled away from her berth in Venice past the Doge's Palace and headed towards the steel-blue Adriatic. All kinds of boats criss-crossed our route and holidaymakers paused to glance at the trim white, fawn and blue-funnelled vessel while on deck we listened to a lecture on the glories of "La Serenissima".

It was a grand start to a memorable Swan Hellenic cruise whose varied and well-planned two-week itinerary would combine many of the splendours of the classical world with the realities of the present. Our route would take us to southern Greece for visits to Olympia and Byzantine Mistra, an unscheduled call at the island of Siros in the Aegean, Kuşadası in Turkey for incomparable Ephesus, Rhodes, a centre of the Knights of St John, Antalya on the southern coast of Asia Minor, sadly divided Cyprus, two days in Israel and a final short stop in Crete before returning to Piraeus and Athens for the flight back to London. At each place excursions were included in the initial cost and there were also optional extra tours.

As on all Swan Hellenic voyages there were guest lecturers on board—four in this case—and each an acknowledged authority on the history of the region. With just the right amount of erudition and a fair splash of humour they brought the past very much to life and answered individual questions with courtesy and enthusiasm.

The *Orpheus* of Epirotiki Lines is not large (about 5,100 tons) and for many years was on the Irish Sea routes but has since been rebuilt and refurbished to a high standard. She is comfortable and more spacious than one might expect. Classical names extend to the Argonaut Lounge, Jason Taverna and Dionysos Restaurant. The ship has a swimming pool, sun decks, two lounges, one with live music for dancing, a boutique and a ladies' hairdresser.

The cabins vary in size and are generally compact rather than spacious although the beds can be folded away during the day to give more room. All have a shower or bathroom, a telephone and an efficient public-address system, whereby the lectures, normally given in the main lounge or on deck, can be transmitted to the cabins. During the voyage we were kept well supplied with towels, soap and iced water by our cabin steward.

Apart from the Swan Hellenic staff

of half a dozen the crew were Greek, mainly English-speaking, friendly and efficient with just the occasional lapse in service. The cuisine, although limited in variety, was better than I had anticipated with only one or two meals falling below standard. A modest and inexpensive wine list with a good Greek selection was available at main meals. In the restaurant there are no set places, you just sit where there is space. This works well and ensures you meet and talk to many more of your fellow passengers than on a fixed seating plan of a conventional cruise.

My fellow passengers were almost exclusively British, middle-aged to elderly but very spritely indeed, and there was a scattering of younger professional or business people. Not all were classical-world enthusiasts although I am sure many were converted on the trip. And a substantial number were on their second, third, fourth—up to their 12th—Swan Hellenic voyage.

The shore arrangements were excellent. Modern coaches were waiting at the dock-side on arrival and the local guides, vetted by Swan Hellenic, were first-rate, if at times a little keen on statistics. Our first landfall was Katákolon on the west coast of the Peloponnese, a 40-minute drive from Olympia. Here in 776 BC the first Olympic games were held and continued for more than 1,000 years. Earthquake, pillages and the passage of time have laid low all the fine buildings and there has been a lot of excavation but little restoration. The outline of the great stadium, which in its prime could hold 40,000 spectators, is clear enough. The new museum has a wonderful collection of sculpture including the two huge pediments from the Temple of Zeus, the winged victory of Paeonius and the splendid Hermes of Praxiteles.

The ruins of Mistra, not far from ancient Sparta, made a great impression on me. This Byzantine city of mellow brick, tile and stone dates from the 13th century and is dominated by the ruins of a Frankish castle. Mistra's situation on a steep tree-dotted hillside is quite stunning. It fell to the Turks in 1460, some seven years after Constantinople, but in its heyday was a rich and influential community. Although now more or less a ghost town Mistra still has some fine churches of which the cathedral is the oldest and the still occupied nunnery of Pantanassa is the most beautiful.

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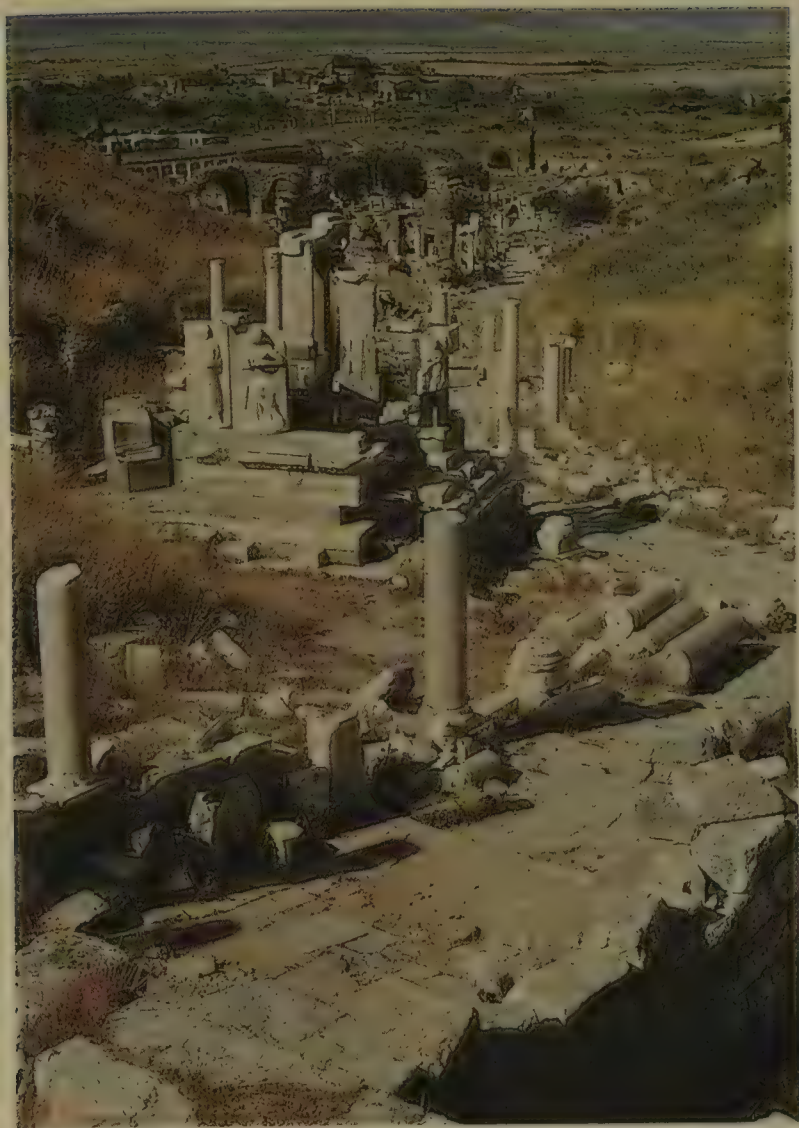


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**The Street of Curetes in the centre of Ephesus, once the greatest city in Roman Asia with a population of 300,000.**

At the south-east corner of the Peloponnese lies Monemvasia, a huge rock outcrop islet linked to the mainland by a causeway and crowned by a medieval fortress. At its base and within the well-preserved Venetian walls is the tiny village which is being smartened up. It was from the land around here that malmsey wine originated—it was brought to England by Richard I—although there is none produced there now.

We sailed from Monemvasia on a calm evening but during the night there was a storm in the Aegean and in spite of our captain's noble efforts we were unable to land either on Paros or Naxos as scheduled, but sought shelter instead at Siroi, an unusual call. This island and its steeply terraced capital Hermoupolis is a centre for shipbuilding and repair. It has enjoyed considerable prosperity since the middle of the last century and boasts a grandiose neo-classical town hall, large indoor theatre and several ornate churches. And the best Turkish delight in Greece is made here. It was an interesting diversion.

The storm died down and we crossed overnight to Kuşadası in Asia Minor almost on time. This expand-

ing Turkish resort (excellent, inexpensive restaurants abound) and small port is the stepping-off point for Ephesus, one of the finest of all the classical sites. The Austrians have been in the vanguard of the considerable excavation and restoration here but a lot has yet to be uncovered. Marble-paved streets, ornate buildings (the Temple of Artemis was one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World), the theatre which could hold 24,000, the public baths and the great Library of Celsus, finest of the restorations, all add up to an unforgettable experience. Ephesus is generally very busy and although the trappings of tourism are here in plenty nothing can detract from its splendour.

After a day in the Greek island city of Rhodes, whose massive walls were built by the Knights of St John in the 14th and 15th centuries, we sailed overnight to Antalya in Turkey. Our goal was three of Asia Minor's most interesting sites: Perge, dominated by its huge gateway, Side, on a dramatic peninsular location, and Aspendos, which has one of the best preserved Roman theatres, dating from the second century AD, and is the setting of an annual drama festival. Near by are the remains of a 30-

mile-long aqueduct that used to bring fresh water from the mountains behind.

Our next destination was Ashdod, a few miles south of Tel Aviv. The Israelis are justifiably proud of this deep-water port but it is not the most romantic of introductions to the Holy Land—it has a huge power station, cranes, wharfs and high-rise apartment blocks. Within minutes, however, we were passing cotton fields and market gardens on our way up to Jerusalem. Some 18 years had passed since my last visit to the Holy Land and the changes were staggering, not least in and around the capital which is expanding rapidly.

I had opted for a two-day excursion with an overnight stop in Jerusalem, an extensive city tour covering all the main historic sites including the Holy Places, the exquisite Dome of the Rock, the impressive Dead Sea Scrolls Museum and the Western or Wailing Wall which lived up to its name. Security was tight in parts.

The highlight of our short stay was a visit to the ancient mountain top fortress of Masada, driving south from Jerusalem through the starkly beautiful Judean Desert and stopping en route at Qumran where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. Masada is easily distinguishable at around 1,450 feet above the valley. Here Herod the Great built a fortress-palace of considerable size and complexity, carved out great water cisterns and had thousands of slaves to run it. But between 70 and 73 AD the Jewish zealots were besieged there by the Romans who failed to capture the fortress. When it was obvious that all was lost, the Jews (with the exception of a woman and three children) chose to commit mass suicide rather than surrender. It has become an important symbol for the Jewish nation.

You can approach Masada by cable car or by one of the two paths. The views are breathtaking and the place has a weird fascination; one can only be astonished that the Jewish patriots held out for so long even with a reasonably good supply of water and stored food.

After these two hectic days it was a welcome pleasure to cruise gently back across a sunlit eastern Mediterranean. Our final brief stop at Aghios Nicolaos in Crete with a visit to the Minoan site of Gournia was perfectly timed. In the best shipboard tradition the last evening at sea was the Captain's farewell gala dinner—a genuinely happy occasion if tinged with regret that our voyage of discovery was all but over.

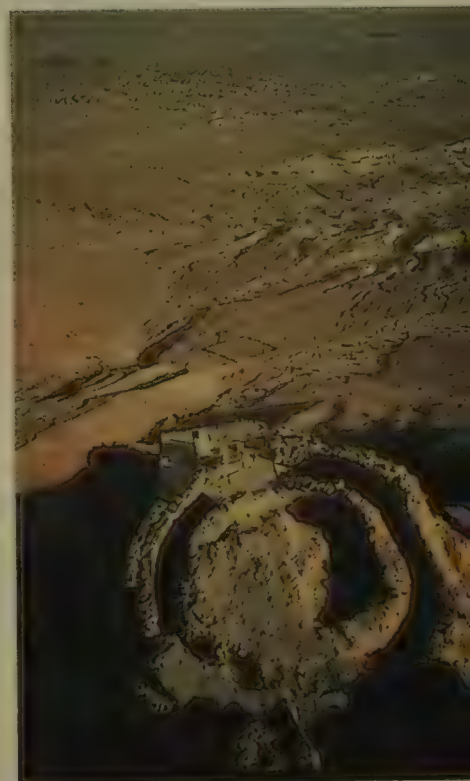
I was very impressed by the meticulous organization, attention to detail and the friendly atmosphere

of the cruise. Occasional snags in the smooth running were swiftly remedied. I am not surprised that the repeat business on these cruises is one of the highest in the travel trade. That is the best recommendation any holiday can have ○

**Travel facts:** The Swan Hellenic Cruise (it is part of the P & O Group) programme runs from mid March to November. With two exceptions all voyages are now for 15 days (14 nights) on a fly-cruise basis from Gatwick to Athens, Thessaloniki, Venice, Dubrovnik, Nice and Naples, according to itinerary. They extend throughout the Mediterranean (plus the Black and Red Seas and a brief dip into the Atlantic) from Jordan to Portugal. Fares range from £945 to £2,511 according to cruise and cabin. That includes all travel, full board throughout, scheduled shore excursions, first-class return rail journey from any BR station to Gatwick, all port taxes and a generous free baggage allowance of 55lb (25kg) on the aircraft. Two cruises similar to the one described operate from September 30 to October 14 and October 28 to November 11. Fares are from £970 to £2,250.

From the wide variety of cruises being marketed for the coming season I have selected eight which are particularly interesting. *Queen Elizabeth 2* (Cunard). Flagship of the British merchant marine, after a £90 million refit and refurbishment she returns to transatlantic crossings and cruises of five to 21 days from April. Sample: Southampton-New York-Bermuda-Martha's Vineyard-New York-Southampton; 16 days, July 26 to August 11. Fares £1,285 to £6,385. All UK fares include first-class rail return from any BR station to Southampton or London.

*Astor* (Astor Cruises). Splendid new 21,900 ton liner, international crew, registered in Mauritius, luxuriously fitted out. Enters service in February on a series of 12- to 28-day cruises from Edinburgh (Leith), Dundee, Dover and on a fly-cruise basis from Genoa. Sample: Leith - Spitzbergen - North Cape - Tromsø-Geiranger Fjord-Dundee; 12 ➡➡➡



**The ancient Jewish fortress of Masada in Israel. A siege by the Romans in AD 70-73 drove its Jewish occupants to commit mass suicide.**



**The Minoan town of Gournia on Crete. Destroyed by a fire and abandoned around 1500 BC, it was excavated at the beginning of this century.**

stein-Budapest-Esztergom-Bratislava-Vienna-Melk-Passau. Travel by air London-Munich by Lufthansa in club class, onwards by coach. Departures every Saturday from April 4 to October 31. Fares £577 to £1,305 from London.

**Orient Express** (Orient Express). This 12,500 ton cruise ship/car ferry operates a week-long (Saturday departures) itinerary from Venice via the Corinth Canal to Piraeus-Istanbul-Kuşadasi-Patmos-Katākolon-Venice. Drive-on, drive-off facility for vehicles. Can leave at any stopping point and rejoin later voyage. Two swimming pools, sun decks, small casino, all cabins have a shower room, fully air-conditioned. Round trip fares £315 to £855. Cars according to voyage £65 to £225. Operates from April 4 to October 31.

**Addresses:** Swan Hellenic Cruises, 77 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1PP (831 1515). Cunard, 30a Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5LS (491 3930). Astor Cruises, Century House, North Station Road, Colchester, Essex CO1 1RE (0206 41188). Fred Olsen Lines/ Peter Dielmann Cruises, Victoria Place, 111 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 0SP (828 7000). Royal Viking Line, 3 Vere Street, London W1M 9HQ (734 0773). Canberra Cruises, 77 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1PP (831 1331). Ocean Cruise Lines, 10 Frederick Close, Stanhope Place, London W2 2HD (723 5557). Orient Express, Reservations Office, 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF (928 6000).

**Canberra** (Canberra Cruises). Veteran P & O liner completely refurbished with many new state rooms and additional facilities. Series of eight to 22-day cruises mainly from Southampton; also on a fly-cruise basis from Trieste and Naples. Sample: Southampton-Azores-Madeira-Tenerife-Las Palmas-Algarve-Lisbon-Vigo-Southampton; 15 days, August 1 to 15. Fares £940 to £3,070. Reduced rail travel available.

**Ocean Island** (Ocean Cruise Lines). Small (5,000 ton, 250 passengers) British-American-managed liner, high-quality interior, fully air-conditioned and stabilized. Eight- to 20-day voyages in European and Caribbean waters. Sample: London by air to Copenhagen-Stockholm-Leningrad-Helsinki-Visby-Copenhagen-London (by air). Series of 10 such cruises (Sunday departures) May 31 to September 20. Fares £615 to £1,395 including air travel.

*Danube Princess* (Peter Dielmann Cruises). Luxurious German-built and operated river vessel, multi-lingual crew, swimming pool, sun decks, all 101 cabins have a shower room. Series of week-long (seven-night) cruises on the Danube from Passau to Durn-

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# REVIEWS

THEATRE

## A Lear of pugnacious power

BY J. C. TREWIN

What strikes me about the present National Theatre revival of *King Lear* (Olivier) is that David Hare and his company clearly know their way about the text, not seeking to do more than Shakespeare wrote. Certainly, most of the cast are perfectly at ease in a Britain presented to us here as timeless. My main trouble is with the costumes that range from the rightness of those for Goneril and Regan to the belted mackintoshes of France and Burgundy.

However, that is a minor problem. What we get is a grand expression of the tragedy. Although Anthony Hopkins's Lear is not the finest I remember, I do admire its consistency. This is not a monarch doomed from his first entrance and ready to "crawl toward death". "You have that in your countenance which I would fain call master," says the disguised Kent a little later, and to Lear's "What's that?" he answers with the curt "Authority". Lear is a despot bred to authority down the years.

Anthony Hopkins conveys the power, born of experience, that he retains when his kingdom is divided. The man is not, as we have known so often, a bending larch, a frail ancient who should have yielded office long ago. This Lear still has great and pugnacious power, his speech is raspingly exact; when smitten in a world where everything goes ruthlessly awry, he retains an authority in madness. If there is a comparison, then he reminds me, more than any Lear I have known, of Paul Scofield. Details must differ (we do miss Scofield's marvellous sense of poetry) but the two men are from a similar stock.

Hopkins, in the earlier scenes, is horrified by the loss of authority. His voice quivers once at "our youngest-born", but he goes into the storm, "this dreadful pudder o'er our heads", as a man forced into madness by an assault on a ruler's supreme gift. Too frequently we have had a Lear who wanes to a ghost of himself. Hopkins is never spectral. There is nothing self-consciously calculated, no chain of glib effects. It is



Anthony Hopkins is a powerful King Lear in David Hare's National Theatre production.

enough that this is Lear: one knows why he inspires such loyalty in Kent that the banished counsellor who saw authority in the king's face must leave the final scene with that resolute, "My master calls me; I must not say no."

Mr Hare has placed the tragedy on a generally bare stage in a world we can imagine for ourselves, while the huge sky-cloths designed by Hayden Griffith hover and sway above the action like spreading sails. The cast is seldom out of key. Michael Bryant's Gloucester is so quietly sure that one dreads, even more than usual, the moment of his blinding.

The National's tigress-sisters, Anna Massey (Goneril) and Suzanne Bertish (Regan) are terrifying. Philip Locke is as staunch as Kent should be. There are various lesser performances of worth (Douglas Hodge is a plausible Edmund), though Bill Nighy's Edgar, except in the Dover cliff scene where he can cease to be Poor Tom, must have a losing grapple with the feigned madness, embarrassing when set against the agonizing truth. Finally and inevitably, the question of the Fool, Lear's conscience: Roshan Seth, to my relief, employs the fellow's licence straightforwardly. Very good, even if I cannot help thinking of the portrait that over crowded decades has remained definitive—that of Alec Guinness, once compared by a colleague to a half-frightened bird.

CINEMA

## Frightening flight of fantasy

BY GEORGE PERRY

Occasionally a director can come quietly up on the rails, almost without being noticed, and join the front rank of film-makers. That is what David Cronenberg has managed to achieve. Understandably, in his own country, Canada, he has been recognized for some time, and has been honoured with awards and retrospectives. But now the Americans have also become excited by his brilliance. Will Britain follow suit?

There is a difficulty. Cronenberg chooses to work in the horror genre, and that is one area of film-making not always highly regarded here. There is a long tradition of censorship, and films now acknowledged as masterworks, by directors such as Tod Browning or James Whale, were either banned outright for years or released only in severely cut versions. Paradoxically, it often happens that those who are able to accept the most explicit violence in films about

crime, drugs and war find fantasy disgusting, no matter how surrealistically it may be presented.

We are, of course, frightened by the stuff of nightmares. And there is no denying that a large proportion of horror films are rubbish—poorly made and exploitative shockers in every way. But Cronenberg is not of that order. He is a highly original director with an acute sense of the fantastic, and he knows most of the cinematic antecedents. It is not usually his style to tread the ground of others.

However, he received an invitation to create an updated version of a 1958 classic film *The Fly*, and he has done so, allowing his imagination to develop an entirely new concept of an old tale which forms part of the staple lore of fantasy.

The original screen version of *The Fly*, made in black and white with David Hedison and Vincent Price, was a bizarre story by Charles E. Pogue about a scientist who discovered the means by which matter could be transmitted. In his laboratory he successfully teleports objects from one piece of equipment to another, and over-confidently uses himself as an experiment. He fails, however, to notice that a fly has entered the transmission chamber with him. When his molecules are reassembled parts of the fly are inextricably mixed up with his own, with awful consequences. ➤➤➤

DAVID COOPER



➤➤➤ That much of the original film has been retained. But Cronenberg, writing in collaboration with Pogue, has shifted the yarn on to a new level, taking into account modern tastes and the potential of film techniques unavailable in the 1950s.

He has also placed a remarkable actor in the leading role. Jeff Goldblum has an odd, gangly look to him, perfectly fitting for a man so dedicated to his work that he always wears the same outfit.

He intrigues a girl (Geena Davis), a science journalist, who is under pressure from an eager, but not altogether scrupulous editor (John Getz). She falls in love with Goldblum, the subject of her article, but before a romance has properly developed the unalterable experiment has taken place.

Whereas back in the 1950s the consequences had been the transference of heads between fly and man, the outcome here is much more logical and mind-stretching. The process of change takes several weeks, during which time the scientist is acutely aware of what is going on, but is powerless to stop it. The metamorphosis comes from within, with initially the only outward sign being the onset of what appears to be an unpleasant skin disease. But gradually the fusion of man and insect produces an entirely new creature. It is not just a case of camera tricks allowing a man in a fly suit to walk across the ceiling. Jeff Goldblum eventually moves, sees and even eats like a fly, and yet, while he takes on this loathsome aspect, he retains the spectator's sympathy.

*The Fly* has the elements of a classic fantasy. It is not only a hubris fable but a beauty-and-the-beast romance. Technically it is filmmaking on a highly accomplished level, with a witty, literate script and a sure sense of direction. It has firmly placed David Cronenberg in the mainstream of cinema.

## OPERA

# Carmen takes a back seat

BY MARGARET DAVIES

English National Opera's new *Carmen* is a visual extravaganza that drags Bizet's masterpiece into the gaudy vulgarity of the 1960s and nearly swamps it in the process. For the central relationship between Carmen and Don José is allowed about as much real emotion as a strip cartoon. In David Pountney's production it is hard to detect more than some muddled preliminary thoughts on the opera that might have been better rejected.



Geena Davis watches Jeff Goldblum begin his metamorphosis in *The Fly*.

When the conductor, Mark Elder, launches vigorously into the overture with the house-lights up and the audience still blithely chattering, it is a warning not to expect a "normal" production.

The action is set in an enormous, garish rubbish dump dominated by a huge cigarette hoarding, where the decaying bodies of brightly painted gas-guzzlers lie half buried by heaps of multicoloured old clothing. Urban gypsies and scruffy, unruly soldiery abound, all hinting at some lawless state in central America. The transatlantic theme is reinforced by the pom-pom-twirling cheer-leaders who accompany Escamillo. Yet the libretto, even in Anthony Burgess's somewhat free translation, would have us believe it is Seville.

There follows the kind of *coupe de théâtre* which is the hallmark of a Pountney production when the carlot dissolves at the flick of a lighting switch into Lillas Pastia's joint, each vehicle becoming a cosy place of assignation for his seedy clientele. More cars enclose the smugglers' base in the next scene, they bring the toreros to the bull ring, and it is onto a car bonnet that José finally throws Carmen's body after he has killed her. If the theme is hammered home, it is perhaps gratifying to the sponsors—Esso (UK).

It would take a more than average cast to avoid being up-staged by these omnipresent monsters. Sally Burgess as Carmen almost succeeds by sheer energy and her agility at leaping on and off car bonnets, and she projects her new mezzo-soprano register strongly, but it is an aggressive characterization that lacks the mysterious allure of Bizet's gypsy. John Treleaven's José is decently sung, especially the difficult "Flower Song", but such a dejected figure would never have attracted this predatory Carmen. Rosamund Illing is the forthright but timorous Micaela, David Arnold the brash but small-voiced Escamillo.

I doubt whether this curiosity of a production will have the staying power of Covent Garden's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, surviving 28 years

after Zeffirelli mounted it for Sutherland. It provides a romantically gloomy setting for June Anderson's début in the title role, which revealed a big voice and secure coloratura technique if not quite the ideal range of colour and expression. Alfredo Kraus as Edgardo displays the consummate musicianship and superbly controlled singing for which he is justly famed—it is a performance not to be missed.

## BALLET

# Schaufuss interprets The Nutcracker

BY URSULA ROBERTSHAW

*The Nutcracker* has always been the solid money-spinner for London Festival Ballet, the one work guaranteed to fill the house from Boxing Day to February, year in, year out. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the company's director, Peter Schaufuss, came to cast an eye over the repertory, this traditional Christmas favourite, in Ronald Hynd's 10-year-old production, was an obvious candidate for renewal; and sponsorship by the computer company Digital enabled him to mount his own new production, with some additional choreography and with designs by David Walker.

Other producers have taken the characters who appear in the heroine's "dream" to be transformations or reflections of her family and acquaintances; and some have also used the idea of growing up and the sexual awakening of a pubescent girl as a psychological basis for some of the events. Schaufuss's production explores both these ideas again—the concept of growth, of getting larger, being most ingeniously exploited—but adds two sub-plots of his own.

The date of Tchaikovsky's composition of the *Nutcracker* music, 1891, was also the year when he heard of

the death of his much-loved sister, Sasha, and Schaufuss places the ballet at her home, as Tchaikovsky remembers a happy Christmas spent with her and her family. Sasha herself appears with her husband Lev (Elisabetta Terabust and Schaufuss) to perform the *pas de deux* and variations for the Sugar Plum Fairy and her Cavalier; and the young heroine is Tanya, their daughter and Tchaikovsky's favourite niece. Drosselmeyer, the magician-uncle, is thus Tchaikovsky himself, a non-dancing part taken with authority by Christopher Bruce.

The other sub-plot comes with the introduction of the Tale of Krakatuk, a somewhat unpleasant and little-known story basically concerned with mice, the bite of whose queen, Muserinke, renders the victim hideous to behold. One such victim is the Nutcracker Prince, who has to be "saved" by the love of a maiden. This story is enacted in mime, and tableaux from it repeated later when Tanya is ill in bed. The result is confusing and adds little to the main thrust of the story. However, all the happenings of Act 2 are triggered by events at the Act 1 party, and the ballet is thus sewn together in a more satisfactory way than, for example, the Royal Ballet's current version in which the two halves hardly marry.

Tanya—beautifully danced by the young ballerina Trinidad Sevilano who, as well as her excellent technique, has the added advantage of being as pretty as a Jumeau doll—has as her Nutcracker Prince, Matz Skoog, a fine and still improving dancer. But I found it odd that he should be equated with Tchaikovsky's valet: most unlikely in a highly class-conscious society.

Schaufuss's influence on the company is evident in the huge improvement in the standard of dancing throughout. The advance in the two and a half years he has been in charge is startling. The energetic Russian trepak, for example, was performed with explosive force by Kevin Richmond, Martin James and Pascal Sevajols; and in the Spanish dance the brothers Maurizio and Stefano Gianetti, partnering Lucia Truglia, made a lasting impression.

With the exception of the Arabian Dance, which was frankly a flop, Schaufuss's choreographic novelties were workmanlike rather than inspired. Bearing in mind that LFB is a touring company, and that any sets must therefore be both readily transportable and adaptable to all kinds and sizes of stages, David Walker's designs were serviceable and effective, if a little lacking in magic. The Christmas tree may be only painted on a curtain, but surely he could have given it a bit of glitter!

In sum the verdict is "modified rapture". The production will doubtless be with us for years and simplification may set in—to advantage.



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# Memoir of a remarkable man

BY ROBERT BLAKE

## Scenes from Institutional Life and Other Writings

by John Vaizey

Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £12.95

John (Lord) Vaizey, who died in 1984 at the sadly early age of 54, was one of the most remarkable people of his generation. He was a man of immense charm, great intellectual perception, astonishing energy and perpetual vivacity. He was an economist, an economic historian, a novelist, a wit, a *bon viveur*, a party-giver and goer, yet a man of deep religious conviction and serious purpose in life. His conversation was wonderfully indiscreet and often outrageous. Referring to the Labour Front Bench in the House of Lords he once said to me in the bar, "Trots, the lot". A few minutes later, surveying such grave people as Lords Elwyn-Jones, Cledwyn, Ponsonby, Elystan-Morgan and Baroness Birk, I felt that his zeal as a Tory convert had gone somewhat over the top; of course he did not mean it, but how one misses such enjoyable fantasies! His death has eclipsed, if not the gaiety of nations, certainly the gaiety of the House of Lords and many other institutions to which he belonged.

"Institutions" were a perpetual fascination for him. As a boy he had a terrible experience: he was attacked at the age of 14 by osteomyelitis of the spine. It happened suddenly, unpredictably and almost fatally; it may well have been the long-term cause of his early death. He suffered considerable, often intense, pain for

the rest of his all too short life.

He described his experiences in one of the most vivid and memorable pieces ever written about hospital life. It is horrific and haunting. Long out of print, it has been reissued in this book which ought to be read by a far wider circle than the large one of his friends and acquaintances. For it is a frightening picture of how awful it is to be in the clutches of doctors and nurses. Admittedly the year 1943, at a rock-bottom period of wartime austerity, was no time to spend two years lying on one's stomach in perpetual pain with suppurating back wounds wrapped in plaster, suffering all the humiliation and embarrassment of enemas, bed pans and urine bottles. There was a moment when one of the nurses behaved so harshly that there was a boys' rebellion in the ward. They were forced to offer a gracelessly accepted apology. "But something had snapped. Bitterness leaves its own legacy. The isolation of a hospital is a terrible thing: all the people in it are absolutely under the power of some petty despot, and the power seems eternal and unchanging."

This is a perfect description of the totalitarian state. Was it what decided John Vaizey, after a period of socialism, to move across to the other side, not long after being made a peer by Harold Wilson in his otherwise notorious resignation honours list of 1976? He does not say it in so many words. But the Labour tradition of being a party of freedom became ever less convincing during

John Vaizey's time. Trade union tyranny, loony left-wing heresy-hunting and much else that has occurred in the last few years must have confirmed his decision that the Labour Party is the last place for anyone who actually believes in freedom. His conversion to Conservatism was one of several which occurred in the late 1970s—among them Paul Johnson, Hugh Thomas, Max Beloff and others. It was an aspect of a general rebellion of the intelligentsia against collectivism. Those who still adhere to the creed of Attlee, Wilson, Callaghan, are like starfish stranded on the beach by a receding tide at twilight. They have a past but no future.

*Scenes from Institutional Life* is a minor classic with subtle implications below the surface. It is brilliantly and movingly written and it encapsulates a dreadful experience endured at a time of life when one is intensely sensitive and impressionable. Although the reprint of this remarkable memoir is the principal article in the book there are also some fascinating "other writings" and three perceptive pieces by T. E. B. Howarth, Lord Thomas and Frank Field.

John Vaizey is very good value on Cambridge. "Any more for Jesus?" the porters cried evangelically, as they loaded taxi after taxi" on his first arrival, actually for Queens'—a college which he had pricked with a pin in the Hither Green branch of the Metropolitan Borough of Lewisham's Libraries, close to his parents' home at St Mildred's Road, Lee SE12.

Writing in 1973 on the subject of "leaving Cambridge" he observes: "The sanctimoniousness of the young is unendurable. I spent a few precious minutes explaining to a girl the difference between a marchioness and a countess. It is not unimportant. The life of Curzon, for example, revolved in great part around the attainment of this rank. Near murder has been committed to become a marquess. 'Oh,' said she, 'you think that sort of thing is important, do you?'" Most of us have suffered similarly. It is hard to explain to students that what seem to them meaningless snobbish distinctions could and can affect people's lives and ambitions.

John Vaizey moved to Oxford which he loved, then to a chair at Brunel University and finally, after dickering with an offer of the Vice-Chancellorship of Monash in Australia—an unhappy episode—to the post of Principal of St Catherine's, Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Great Park where he and his distinguished American wife, Marina, art critic for *The Sunday Times*, dispensed intellectual as well as solid and liquid sustenance in style.

John Vaizey is a great loss to the Conservative Party and to the world of economics, a subject which he always treated not as a science, dismal or otherwise, but as a matter of hunch, feeling and common sense. This book is a reminder of how much he did contribute to life and how much more he could have contributed given the normal span.

## RECENT FICTION

# History comes to life

BY HARRIET WAUGH

## Augustus

by Allan Massie

The Bodley Head, £9.95

## Answered Prayers

by Truman Capote

Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

## 1986 Best Short Stories

edited by Giles Gordon and David Hughes  
Heinemann, £10.95

Although many people particularly enjoy historical novels I am not one who does. I feel uneasy when words, thoughts and emotions are attrib-

uted to people who have actually lived. It seems rather a liberty; they may not have felt or reacted in the way that the novelist portrays. Every now and then, though, a historical novel appears that through its sheer virtuosity drives away all suspicion; it will be read by generations to come and will probably have more staying power than the equivalent contemporary novel. *Augustus*, by Allan Massie, is such a one.

*Augustus* tells of the life of Caesar Augustus who sets out to avenge the death of his adoptive father, Julius Caesar. Through intrigue, betrayals and battle he then welds Rome's anarchic empire together but in the end, lonely, empty, respected rather than loved, he looks back on his achievement of authoritarian peace without pleasure. Those he has loved are dead, he has no male issue and he is about to hand over the mantle of power to his forbidding but competent stepson Tiberius.

The story is presented as the discovered autobiography of Augustus, translated into contemporary form by Allan Massie at the request of a committee of serious classicists. It is written in two parts. The first part is an open letter to his beloved grandsons whom he hopes to groom as future Caesars. This is lighthearted and full of his triumphs, his love-marriage to the difficult Livia, his uneasy collaboration with Mark Antony, the betrayal of his beloved sister whom he gives in marriage to Mark Antony knowing it will be doomed, his affection for his attractive nephew Marcellus and his friendship with the camp Maecenas who gives him faultless advice on how to handle his rivals and the Senate.

The second part is written in old age. It opens bleakly with his anguish at the loss of an army in Germany, and looks back on some of the same ground as in the first half but adds incidents that cast a different slant

on his relationships with those around him, and charts the deaths and disgrace of those nearest to him. The power he holds over others now looks like tyranny, but even in his desolation he cannot see that he could have played his hand differently. Rome needed him.

The strength of Allan Massie's novel lies not only in the central portrayal of Augustus's ambitious, cold, sentimental and complex character, but in the depiction of all the other characters, who are not in the least shadowed by Augustus's personality. The only one that made me impatient was Virgil, who is altogether too plangently good. Otherwise they all spring off the page and bring a teaming complexity to the arena of Roman politics. *Augustus* is a very good novel indeed.

Truman Capote started to write *Answered Prayers* some years before he died and differing reasons are given for his failure to complete





**T**homas Baines was engaged as an artist-storeman on the North Australian Expedition of 1855-56, led by Augustus Gregory. His sketches, watercolours and oils have provided a vivid record of the expedition, including this oil painting of a battle with an alligator on the Victoria River, reproduced in a new book, *Thomas Baines and the North Australian Expedition*, by Russell Braddon, published by Collins in association with the Royal Geographical Society, price £20.

it. An extract was published in an American magazine and it is said that he was shattered by the response of his friends who felt they had been reviled in it, but it is also said that he was unable to complete the novel because he did not know where it was going. Either way, this 181-page extract is well worth reading.

The hero, P. B. Jones, probably Capote's *alter ego*, is an unscrupulous, amoral bisexual. At the start of the novel his fortunes are at a low ebb, his writing has come to nothing and a scandal has dumped him back at the bottom of the American social pile from which he had assiduously risen. He is earning his living as an aging homosexual prostitute.

In "Unspoiled Monsters", the first of three sections, the action ranges from the present back to his rise from teenage masseur to aspiring writer and catamite of the literati to American expatriate and café society scrounger. Throughout this part there are hints of the scandal involving a society beauty called Kate McCloud that has reduced him to prostitution. The second section, "Kate McCloud", shows the start of his passion for her when he is hired as her bodyguard in Paris. This part is the least satisfactory because Kate is cast as a fantasy heroine and seems out of place in the steamy café society world of P. B. Jones. But it is in this section that the bones of a plot emerge, involving murder, kidnapping and love. The third section was obviously intended to come some time later and reads like a finished short story. P. B. Jones is lunching on

East 55th Street at La Côte Basque as the guest of Lady Ina Coolbirth. As lunch progresses she entertains him with scandalous gossip about all the other diners. As nearly everybody in Truman Capote's novel appears under their own names, maybe it was this part that was published and caused such offence.

Whatever Truman Capote's reasons were for not finishing *Answered Prayers*, literature is the poorer. He has the ability to write about real nastiness without leaving behind a bad taste. Unpleasant people behave quite disgustingly to each other within an elegantly constructed framework. *Answered Prayers* is very, very enjoyable.

The same cannot be said for *1986 Best Short Stories*, edited by Giles Gordon and David Hughes. If this is really the best that Britain, South Africa, Australia and India have produced this year, the short story is in a fairly bad way. There are some goodies, however. Francis King has written well on the behaviour patterns of American and English tourists in India. J. G. Ballard produces the answers to an unseen questionnaire which unfolds a bizarre story. Douglas Dunn, in "Needlework", tells a particularly pleasing story about the wife of a bounteous middle-aged businessman who has a 17-year-old Catholic girl from an orphanage to stay for a holiday. It turns out very differently from what you expect, which always gives a particular satisfaction. But overall the collection is a patchy and haphazardly assembled offering.

## THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

### HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (4) **Yes, Prime Minister** by Jonathan Lynn and Anthony Jay  
BBC, £8.95  
Yes, *Minister* one rung up, and as amusing.
- 2 (3) **Whirlwind** by James Clavell  
Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95  
Another of his gusty Asian sagas.
- 3 (1) **The Old Devils** by Kingsley Amis  
Hutchinson, £9.95  
It may be about the elderly by an older writer but all the Amis fizz is still there. It deserved to win last year's Booker Prize.
- 4 (2) **Bolt** by Dick Francis  
Michael Joseph, £9.95  
A somewhat muddled plot prevents it from being vintage Francis.
- 5 (—) **A Matter of Honour** by Jeffrey Archer  
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95  
Even Hermann Göring gets a part!
- 6 (5) **Night of the Fox** by Jack Higgins  
Collins, £9.95  
Exciting tale of Nazi-occupied Jersey.
- 7 (6) **Hollywood Husbands** by Jackie Collins  
Heinemann, £9.95
- 8 (—) **The Panic of '89** by Paul Erdman  
André Deutsch, £9.95  
Makes *The Crash of '79* a minor drop in the stock market by comparison.
- 9 (—) **Santorini** by Alistair MacLean  
Collins, £9.95  
A strong MacLean set in the Aegean.
- 10 (—) **A Perfect Spy** by John le Carré  
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95  
The master uses his own father as model.

### HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (—) **Domesday: A Search for the Roots of England** by Michael Wood  
BBC, £12.95  
The book of the television series that really adds to the series.
- 2 (7) **Catwatching** by Desmond Morris  
Jonathan Cape, £4.95
- 3 (4) **Guinness Book of Records 1987**  
edited by Alan Russell  
Guinness Books, £7.95
- 4 (1) **The Ultimate Alphabet** by Mike Wilks  
Pavilion, £5.95  
Includes a chance to win £10,000 if you identify all the words in the pictures.
- 5 (3) **His Way: The Unauthorised Biography of Frank Sinatra** by Kitty Kelley  
Bantam Press, £12.95  
Claims to be full of startling revelations.
- 6 (2) **Between the Woods and the Water** by Patrick Leigh Fermor  
John Murray, £13.95  
Marvellously-written, gentle travel book of real distinction.
- 7 (—) **Dogwatching** by Desmond Morris  
Jonathan Cape, £4.95
- 8 (—) **A Walk With a White Bushman** by Laurens van der Post  
Chatto & Windus, £12.95  
Splendid, ruminative, philosophical meander.
- 9 (8) **The Story of English** by Robert McCrum, William Cran and Robert MacNeil  
BBC/Faber & Faber £14.95  
The book of the television series and patchy in quality.
- 10 (—) **Hugh Johnson's Pocket Wine Book 1987** by Hugh Johnson  
Mitchell Beazley, £4.95

### PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (4) **London Match** by Len Deighton  
Grafton, £2.95  
Part three of a Cold War saga.
- 2 (3) **A Taste for Death** by P. D. James  
Faber & Faber, £5.95  
Clever and exciting forensic fiction.
- 3 (—) **A Maggot** by John Fowles  
Pan, £3.50  
The latest novel by a master writer.
- 4 (10) **Secrets** by Danielle Steel  
Sphere, £2.95  
Real lives of actors in a television series.
- 5 (1) **The Mammoth Hunters** by Jean M. Auel  
Coronet, £3.50  
Part of a saga set in prehistoric times.
- 6 (2) **Hawksmoor** by Peter Ackroyd  
Abacus, £3.95  
Brilliant novel entwining past and present.
- 7 (—) **The Tenth Man** by Graham Greene  
Penguin, £1.95  
Not vintage Greene, but very readable.
- 8 (—) **Red Crystal** by Clare Francis  
Pan, £2.95  
A London beset by exploding parcel bombs is the scene of this exciting novel.
- 9 (—) **Love, Honour and Betray** by Elizabeth Kary  
Penguin, £3.50  
Work by a new, gushing romantic novelist.
- 10 (—) **The Lonely Sea** by Alistair MacLean  
Fontana, £2.95  
A pot-pourri of sea stories.

### PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (1) **Is That It?** by Bob Geldof  
Penguin, £3.95  
Frank, fighting life story of a pop star who became a world leader in fund-raising.
  - 2 (3) **The Utterly, Utterly Merry Comic Relief Christmas Book** by Douglas Adams et al  
Fontana, £3.95
  - 3 (4) **Where Have All the Bullets Gone?** by Spike Milligan  
Penguin, £2.50  
Another volume of his amusing war memoirs.
  - 4 (8) **The Lavishly Tooled Smith and Jones Instant Coffee Table Book** by Mel Smith and Griff Rhys Jones  
Fontana, £3.95
  - 5 (2) **Falling Towards England** by Clive James  
Picador, £3.50  
Slightly disappointing after his first piece of autobiography, *Unreliable Memoirs*.
  - 6 (9) **How to be a Complete Bastard** by Adrian Edmondson, Mark Leigh and Mike Lepine  
Virgin Books, £3.95
  - 7 (5) **How Was It For You?** by Maureen Lipman  
Futura, £2.50  
The comedienne's amusing autobiography.
  - 8 (10) **Wicked Willie's Guide to Women** by Gray Joliffe and Peter Mayle  
Pan, £3.95
  - 9 (—) **Voices of Love** by Doris Stokes  
Futura, £2.50  
The medium is the message.
  - 10 (—) **Giles Cartoons 1987**  
Express Newspapers, £2.10
- Brackets show last month's position.  
Information from Book Trust.  
Comments by Martyn Goff.



# RARE DUNDEE PISTOLS

This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects coming for sale at Phillips. They are a pair of rare Scottish snaphaunce pistols, a Louis XV commode, a collection of Valentine cards and the Muratti Trophy. Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices that these may fetch with those of a panel of experts from the three London salerooms taking part: Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips, and chaired by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.

Rarely do pistols made by the Dundee gunsmiths of the early 17th century—noted specialists in their craft—appear at auction. So for collectors of arms and armour the emergence of a pair of snaphaunce belt pistols (snaphaunce was an early type of flintlock mechanism) from Dundee, to be sold at Phillips in London on Thursday, February 26, is an event.

There are some comparable pairs and single pistols in museums, but even the collection at the Tower of London lacks a pair of this type.

The two coming up for auction were made in 1634, for left and right hand respectively: from around 1650 onwards they were made solely for right-handers. Measuring 15 inches long overall, they are fashioned entirely from brass save for the firing mechanism, the hollow lemon-shaped butt being decoratively pierced. There is no trigger guard, and the bore is small.

The pistols are attributed to the gunsmith James Low, of whom little is known except that he was the son of a Dundee locksmith. Locksmiths and gunsmiths were traditionally

lumped together in the official "Lockit Books" kept in Dundee. These volumes listed the members of the "Hammerman Craft", i.e. metalworkers. The books, started in 1587 in Dundee and maintained for three centuries, listed 35 names in the earliest editions, of which eight were gunsmiths.

Phillips's cautious estimate is that the pistols will fetch between £20,000 and £25,000. For comparison we show a much more decorative pair of French gold-mounted flintlock presentation pistols, left, from almost two centuries later. Made in 1818, they fetched £20,000 at Phillips in London just over a year ago.

## AMERICAN READER WINS £1,000

The December auction was won by Mrs Jean Macfie, who lives in Hamilton, Georgia, in the United States, and she will receive a £1,000 voucher from Christie's for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items as estimated by *The Illustrated London News* panel, which was £3,956,000.

### A Scottish snaphaunce pistols

A pair of Scottish snaphaunce belt pistols by the Dundee gunsmith James Low, made in 1634. In a sale of Arms and Armour on February 26 at 2pm. (Viewing February 24, 25, 9am-4.30pm, 26, 9am-noon.) Phillips estimate: £20,000-£25,000.



### B Louis XV commode

A Louis XV kingwood, crossbanded and ormolu-mounted commode *en tombeau*, stamped by Pierre Rousseau. In a sale of Fine English and Continental furniture, tapestries, eastern carpets and rugs and works of art on February 10, 11am. (Viewing February 6, 9, 9am-4.30pm, 7, 9am-noon.) Phillips estimate: £8,000-£10,000.

### C Valentine cards

A collection of three-dimensional chromolithographic pop-up Valentines, c 1900. In a sale of Postcards, Cigarette Cards and Valentines on February 11 at noon. (Viewing February 10, 9am-5pm, 11, 9am-11am.) Phillips estimate: £80-£150.



### D The Muratti Trophy

A unique silver figure of a winged goddess, seated on a motorcycle and holding a victor's laurels. In a sale of Automobilia, Aeronautica and Cycling Memorabilia on February 25 at noon. (Viewing February 24, 9am-5pm, 25, 9am-11am.) Phillips estimate: £5,000-£8,000.



## HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Phillips in London in February. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Phillips which can be redeemed at any Phillips sale

or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the pair of Scottish snaphaunce pistols, which the experts judged the most difficult of the items to estimate, most closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the February competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than February 28, 1987. Entry is free and readers may

make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the February, 1987 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the February auction will be announced in the April issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Christie's.

All entries must be received in the *ILN* Office by February 28, 1987. Send the completed form to: *The Illustrated London News* (February Auction) 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

### FEBRUARY COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Estimate for object A \_\_\_\_\_ Estimate for object C \_\_\_\_\_  
Estimate for object B \_\_\_\_\_ Estimate for object D \_\_\_\_\_

### TOTAL ESTIMATE

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# The lie of the land

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

Intelligent and sophisticated French producers, oenologists and amateurs all readily concede that top-class wine is now being made in the United States. Indeed there has been a veritable French invasion, by large companies like Moët Hennessy, Piper and Roederer—these, of course, from Champagne—and by smaller firms and individuals, all of whom are investing heavily in Californian soil and know-how. One of the most recent of the French invaders is the Woltner family who have invested in a highly interesting piece of real estate and an old winery to the north-east of St Helena. "Highly" is the operative word, for the land is 1,800 feet above sea level, on the undulating top of the Howell mountain range which forms the east flank of the Napa Valley. They are replanting a vineyard, restarting a business and renovating a winery originally pioneered by two French vigneronns just over a century ago. Even more remarkably, they might well have hit upon one of California's outstanding natural vineyard sites.

Having established incontrovert-

ibly that the Americans can grow top-class grapes and make good wine, with all the advantages of a kindly climate and superb technology, it is time to see whether specific vineyard sites are capable of producing the equivalent of a *grand cru* in the Côtes de Nuits or a *premier cru classé* of the Médoc.

What makes Château Lafite and Mouton great? Not the Rothschild ownership. Both, particularly Lafite, produced great wines before the Rothschilds put their money into these properties in the mid-19th century. Mind you, considerable expenditure and enlightened new ownership since 1978 has helped Margaux regain a top rating. But if ownership and management are only part of the equation, what else makes a first-class claret? A glance at a contoured map and sectional drawings of classed-growth vineyard sites indicates quite clearly that certain swellings and outcrops of soil, and layers of subsoil, together with the aspect, slope and drainage of the land, is crucial. *This* is what determines a *premier cru* from a

*troisième cru* and lesser-growth vineyards.

In Burgundy the lower slopes of the Côte d'Or form a more or less continuous blanket of vines. Here an individual patch of vines is called a *climat*, a useful term with no precise English equivalent, which embraces soil, aspect and elevation. Wine made from the strip of vines known as La Tâche differs from the next-door strip, Romanée-Conti, even though the same grape variety is cultivated and the wine is made in the same cellars exclusively, by the same owner. Moreover, the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti's Grands-Echézeaux differs in style from the same Domaine's holding of Richebourg. The deciding factor in a first-class wine, therefore, is not the hand of man but the often minute differences in the elevation, direction of slope, type, depth, mineral content of soil and subsoil, not to mention humdrum matters like drainage.

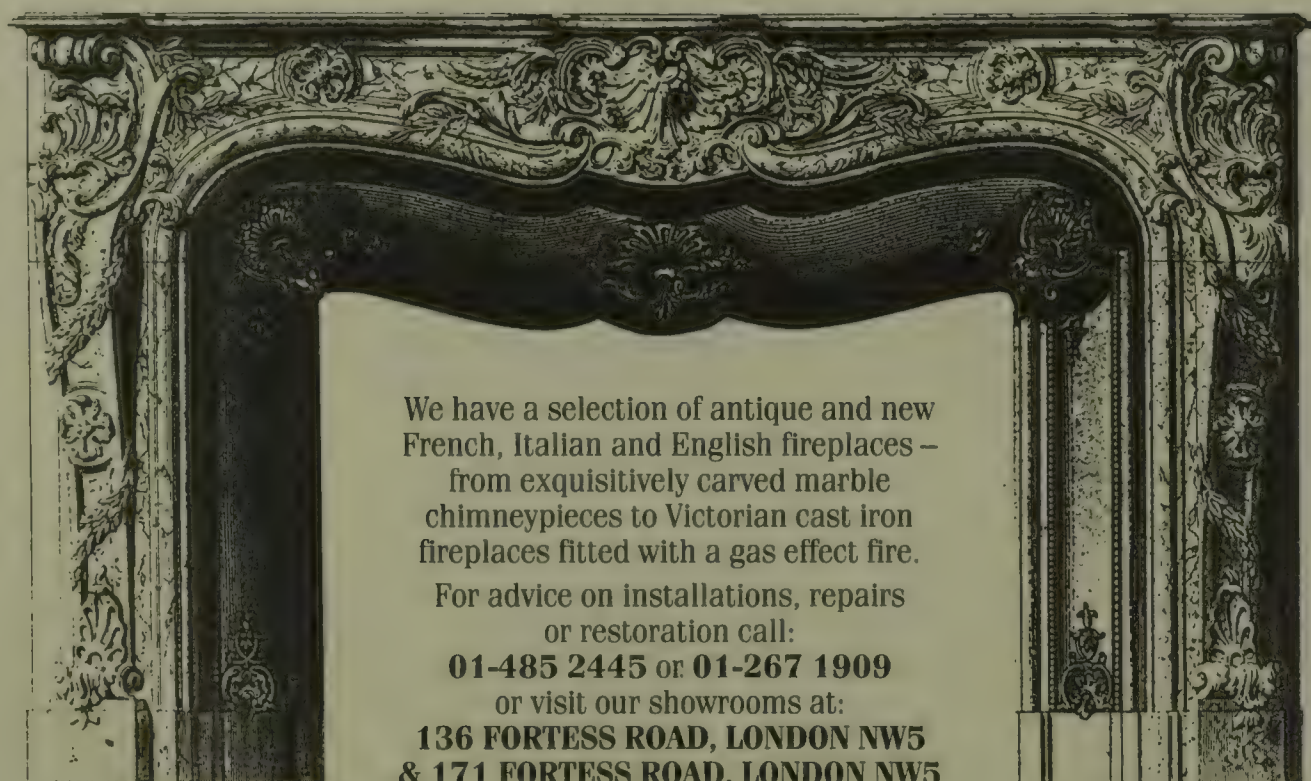
In California the talented Joe Heitz makes distinctly fine wines from Bella Oaks and Martha's Vineyard; Winiarski is confident in his Stag's

Leap site. But elsewhere, vines seem—to the casual eye—to have been planted willy-nilly on the Napa Valley floor and mountain slopes.

At a fascinating and extensive blind tasting of top wines from Bordeaux and California of the 1982 vintage, organized by *The Wine Spectator*, I came to some simple conclusions: that this is one of the most consistent and excellent of all recent vintages, better than the 1970 though not as great as the 1961; and that though the best California Cabernet Sauvignons can hold their own against the best Bordeaux (all the first-growth clarets were in the tasting), perhaps the latter just had the edge. What shook me was that the wine that I rated as really great, by any yardstick, turned out to be one I had never even heard of: Dunn Vineyard, from high up on the Howell mountain range.

If the new Woltner Estates Chardonnay turns out to be as outstanding as Dunn's Cabernet Sauvignon, perhaps those who think that the *climat* is all-important, will look to the hills ○

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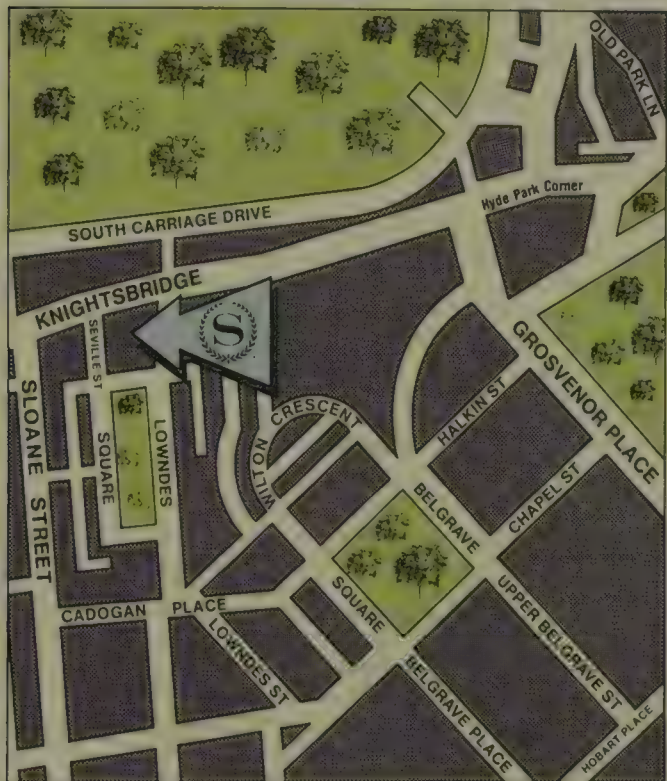
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# Revisiting an old haunt

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

My recollections of the Inigo Jones, apart from its strategic placing just across the road from the Garrick Club, were of fancy décor, great courtesies, uncompromising Frenchness, admirable wines, poorish mucked-about food and a pervading air of expensiveness promoted in no small measure by the kind of sum exacted from the customer: a place to be taken to and with no great regularity at that. Well, I was to learn how right and wrong recollections can be.

The décor is indeed fancy, with bits of statuary and other items recalling the eponymous Inigo, architect and stage designer of the court masques under James I and Charles I. Details of these masques appear on the covers of menu and wine-list, rather mystifyingly perhaps to visitors from Tokyo or Brisbane and even some points nearer home. But I had forgotten what a pleasant room it was with its unfaced brick walls (which may sound horrible but in fact are agreeably softened by the plushy furnishings), well laid out to give a feeling of privacy and above all thoroughly comfortable, that rare and underprized virtue.

For courtesy at all levels, full marks. As for Frenchness, this is to be clearly seen in the food, of which more later, and the drink, of which more now. Some restaurants seem to think it shows Frenchness to be sniffy about Scotch, to feign uncertainty whether they have any, whereas most of us know that Frenchmen today drink little else, most of it enhanced with Coke or Pepsi. Anyway, no such trouble with the Inigo Jones, which has a strong list of malts. Other alien drinks, such as port, are available at the end of the meal, but the table wines are entirely French.

The list is on the long side, well over 200 in all, but carefully chosen to provide not only wide variety but a gradual ascent of the price scale. So the clarets and red burgundies start respectively at £10.20 and £13.40 and include 10 and seven bottles under £30, which is reasonable for this type of restaurant. We had a splendid and recommendable Château La Louvière 1975 at £23.15. Many regional wines are listed and there are nearly 40 assorted half-bottles. This is uncommon and most useful, especially late in the meal when the two of you fancy a drop of something sweet but would find a whole bottle too much; we had a very jolly half of Barsac at £9.35. All wines were unimprovably kept and served.

The liqueur list, again unusually, carries a dozen or so fruit *eaux de vie*. These are more familiarly known as fruit brandies, unsweetened spirits made by causing a mash of a given fruit to ferment and distilling the result. Calvados, from Normandy apples, pale brown after aging in wood, is of this family, but the others are usually colourless or "white", like kirsch from cherries and mirabelle from golden plums. Some are becoming rare, because of the incredible amount of fruit needed to produce a litre of spirit and the difficulties of picking. One I had heard of but never expected to see is *eau de vie de baies de houx*—holly-berry brandy, no less. When I found it at the Inigo Jones, what could I do but try it? If you ever do, say to yourself you are drinking holly from the distant, snow-streaked slopes of the Vosges mountains. Say so with fervour because it tastes rather nasty. Well, I asked for it.



SHONA CAMERON

I have mentioned the correct service of the drinks but have one small cavil. Good, bad or indifferent, table wine should be served in plain glasses of ordinary shape and size, no bigger than would hold a quarter of a bottle if filled, with a stem holdable by a thumb and a couple of fingers. You could have got most of a bottle into the king-sized goblets we were treated to and the rest was in proportion. I am all for vulgarity, but in its place, which is not in a serious restaurant. More simply, you feel a bit of a greedy idiot, sniffing and swilling away out of a great glass pudding-basin.

So to the dreaded food. You begin famously well here with a choice of four breads, all worth trying. Our lunch went on in fine style: a cream of sweet-corn soup with sorrel, a splendid and original warm salad of quail eggs poached in red wine, dwarf beans and mushrooms, with a touch of perceptible salt in the dressing to cut the richness. Then an excellent plate of lamb, cabbage and pear, and a bit of steamed cod with a twosome of sauces that turned it into unexpected brilliance. The apricot sorbet even reproduced that agreeable pasty quality found in real apricots. We had the best treat for months and we told them so.

We could not tell them that, alas, or anything approaching it after we had gone back for dinner the following week. One starter was okay, a

creamy noodle-and-shellfish mixture, the other had chunks of monkfish and potato and did nothing for either. The main courses dipped savagely. One of us had hare, the other breast of duck. Both, especially the duck, were on the rare side—where did this new fad spring from? And both would have flunked the blindfold test: shut your eyes, though not your nose, and guess which meat, game or poultry you are eating. But for some luscious red cabbage the selection of vegetables (tatty device) was dull. This time, too, the prune soufflé with meringue was just another highbrow ice-cream, nothing light, fluffy, etc. Honour was saved by the full, varied cheeseboard and the knowledgeable chap behind it.

It looks, then, as if my expectations were not as far out as all that. And the point about expensiveness was rather rammed home by the 15 per cent service said to be "suggested" but added to the bill willy-nilly. I really think I would rather be charged that much more for the food and drink than have the money taken off me like that.

Inigo Jones, 14 Garrick Street, London WC2 (836 6456/3223). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 5.30-7pm (pre-theatre menu), 7-11.30pm (à la carte); Sat 5.30-7pm (pre-theatre menu), 7-11.30pm (à la carte). About £80 for two; lunch menu about £40 for two, both prices excluding service.

## DINNER AT THE DOOR

### Guinea Grill

26 Bruton Pl, W1 (629 5613).

It certainly speeds turnover and saves on printing menus to present diners at the door with all the raw ingredients and take their orders before letting them sit down. One Friday night at the Guinea Grill, the table by the entrance

was laden with smoked salmon, asparagus and artichokes for starters, and with hefty piles of various cuts of steak, lamb chops and chicken for the main course selection. There was a choice of chips or baked potatoes. Given the kitchen's tiny size, it is perhaps as well that the menu is not more ambitious.

Inside, the dining room has an old English feel, with red plush seating, white linen and horsey prints. The

Italian waiters and the Turkish delight served with the coffee confuse the ethnic picture somewhat.

The food is of good quality, served efficiently and to order, but viciously cool air-conditioning did nothing to encourage a lengthy stay. An expensive wine list opens with the house Pinot Noir at £9.50. About £50 for two.

Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7-11pm.

ALEX FINER



# HOTELS

## Capital B&Bs

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

There are snobberies and trends in hotel classifications as in every other walk of life. Boarding-houses and Rooms are pejorative terms, guest-houses and inns have a more acceptable image than previously and Bed & Breakfast houses, I am happy to report, are coming back into fashion. For too long they have been associated with those rows of Victorian terraced houses in coastal resorts, with notices stuck in the window plaintively sighing "Vacancies" or proudly boasting "Full".

Recently I received an invitation to invest in a new company whose purpose was to buy up buildings in central London of some architectural merit and convert them into sophisticated bed-and-breakfasts.

No one would argue with the concept, but the success of such enterprises depends on the people who will look after these hotels on a day-to-day basis. Managers who are answerable to an investment company usually find it harder than individual owners to provide a personal touch.

An admirable example of a sophisticated London bed-and-breakfast, a model perhaps for this new generation of such houses, is L'Hotel in Basil Street, owned and run by David and Margaret Levin, who also own a five-star hotel, The Capital, a few doors away. The Capital, though relatively small (60 rooms), offers the facilities you would expect all the hours of the day and night, including secretarial services and air-conditioning, and also boasts a fine Michelin-rosetted restaurant; double rooms cost between £120 and £140 a night, not including breakfast. The rooms along the road at L'Hotel are not as opulent, but they are furnished with great taste in French provincial style, with good quality pine furniture, with gas-run "coal" fires, and the price is £80 a night for a double room, which includes continental breakfast. A bonus is the Metro wine bar in the basement which is open from 7.30am until 11 at night. If you can afford the price, L'Hotel would provide a thoroughly comfortable base.

But suppose this tariff is above your means. Is it possible to find any decent accommodation in central London for under £50? Until recently I would have been dubious; you can certainly get rooms for that price, but they tend to be mean, cramped, austere, shabby or sleazy—or a combination of all these failings. But I recently tried out a new hotel called Hazlitts in Frith Street, Soho, of all places, where single rooms

are between £30 and £36 and doubles £42 and £48. That price includes Continental breakfasts.

Hazlitts is a terrace of three houses built in 1718, in one of which the famous essayist died more than a century later. Until recently, it was the nurses' hostel for the neighbouring Hospital for Women, and conversions and refurbishings were still in progress when we tried it out. Not all the arrangements, it has to be said, were *comme il faut*—our room had not yet been fitted with a wardrobe (one is now being installed) and we could have done with a shelf in the bathroom for sponge-bag and accessories. It would be better, I would say, for a single night than a long stay. But these are early days, and there were plenty of signs of the new owners trying to achieve a sympathetic atmosphere: decent prints and pictures on the walls, lots of potted plants, some good antique furniture. Of equal or greater importance, the beds were firm, the linen of good quality, the rooms clean and the staff cheerful and willing. It is not a place with frills, but all rooms have colour television and direct-dial telephones. At the price and in that location, Hazlitts takes some beating.

Below are details of these two establishments and four others which, at different price ranges, all offer good value for money.

**L'Hotel**, 28 Basil Street, Knightsbridge, SW3 1AT (589 6286). Bed and breakfast: double £80; suite £100.

**Hazlitts**, 6 Frith Street, Soho Square, W1V 5TZ (439 1524). Bed and breakfast: single £30-£36, double £42-£48.

**Number Sixteen**, 16 Sumner Place, SW7 3EG (589 5232). Four adjoining Victorian terraced houses close to South Kensington Underground. Bed and breakfast: £30-£40, double £60-£75.

**Knightsbridge Green Hotel**, 159 Knightsbridge, SW1X 7PD (584 6274). A small, family-run hotel, unusual in having mostly suites. Rooms: single £34-£40, double suite, £48-£55. Breakfast: English £5, Continental £3.50. VAT is extra.

**Wilbraham Hotel**, 1 Wilbraham Place, SW1X 9AE (730 8296). An old-fashioned Belgraveia hotel in a quiet side-street off Sloane Street. Rooms: single £35, double £44. Breakfast: English £4, Continental £2.50. VAT is extra.

**The Sandringham Hotel**, 3 Holford Road, NW3 1AD (435 1569). A modest, friendly B & B in a quiet street on the edge of Hampstead Heath. Bed and breakfast: single from £18, double from £32.

The above prices include VAT except where otherwise mentioned. Some of the rates will be increased in spring, 1987.

Hilary Rubinstein is Editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.



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# LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

## ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Good of its kind

## THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

### ★ The American Clock

Arthur Miller's episodic study of the American Depression is directed by Peter Wood (& acted by his versatile company) as an imaginatively designed mosaic. Until Feb 18. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### ★ Animal Farm

Peter Hall's exciting production gives us everything from the take-over of Manor Farm to the ultimate triumph of the formidable pigs. Until Feb 21. Olivier.

### The Archbishop's Ceiling

Arthur Miller's play is set in an East European country where freedom of thought is not encouraged. The first act is a tense intellectual exercise, the second repetitive & inconclusive. The best performance is David de Keyser's as a writer with a complicated background. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

### ★★ Breaking the Code

Alan Turing, a mathematical genius honoured during the last war for his part in breaking the enemy code Enigma, was a persuaded homosexual at a time when this was a criminal offence. Hugh Whitmore's play & Derek Jacobi's acting evoke remarkably the personality of a complex, uncompromising figure. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

### ★ Brighton Beach Memoirs

In Neil Simon's best & semi-autobiographical play Susan Engel & Dorothy Tutin have taken up, persuasively, the Jewish sisters whose ultimate quarrel helps to sort out the complications in a crowded family; Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh are still the gentle head of the household & his 15-year-old son, who acts as commentator. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

### Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

### ★ Chess

Tim Rice & composers Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus have put together a spectacular show, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn, with the chess game a metaphor for political in-fighting between Russia & America. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing



Stephen Rea, Angela Richards, Natasha Richardson and Trevor Eve bring *High Society* to the Victoria Palace from February 25.

with concentrated force. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (734 8951, cc 836 3464).

### ★★ A Chorus of Disapproval

One of Alan Ayckbourn's best plays with its story of an amateur *Beggar's Opera* suffering off-stage & on-stage complications. Performances entirely in key by Colin Blakely as the ebullient Welsh director & Jim Norton as the innocent who, to his surprise, goes too far. Ayckbourn himself directs. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

### Coming Into Land

New play by Stephen Poliakoff about the attempts of a Polish woman to outwit British immigration officials; directed by Peter Hall. The cast includes Maggie Smith & Anthony Andrews. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### Ghosts

Vanessa Redgrave plays Mrs Alving in David Thacker's Young Vic production of Ibsen's play. Until Feb 14. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

### Holiday

Lindsay Anderson directs Malcolm McDowell & Mary Steenburgen in Philip Barry's American comedy about the domestic affairs of the New York banking aristocracy in the 1930s. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

### ★ The House of Bernarda Alba

Lorca's Spanish-village tragedy of a house of frustrated women needs the most carefully judged playing. It does not always get this in an atmospheric production by Nuria Espert, though Glenda Jackson's tyrannical matriarch & Joan Plowright's shrewdly watchful servant do hold the mind. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc 379 6433).

### ★★ I'm Not Rappaport

Magnificent character performance from Paul Scofield as an elderly Jew recounting an inventive version of his life history to another old man on a Central Park bench in Herb Gardner's American comedy. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc). REVIEWED AUG, 1986.

### An Italian Straw Hat

Revivals of the Labiche comedy have seldom moved faster than this one as directed & adapted by Ray Cooney, with Tom Conti as the bridegroom in search of the hat. Though purists may object, it is certainly a good-tempered hustle through Paris. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399), cc 741 9999).

### ★ Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton has devised from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a play subtly sustained, with performances of com-

parable style. Lindsay Duncan & Alan Rickman are the two late-18th-century aristocrats engaged evilly in the art of seduction. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 836 1171).

### ★★ The Magistrate

Nothing goes awry in Michael Rudman's production of Pinero's 19th-century farce. Nigel Hawthorne is extremely funny as Aeneas Posket—the best for many years—& Gemma Craven is perfect as the second wife. Lyttelton. REVIEWED NOV, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

### The Merry Wives of Windsor

Return of Bill Alexander's production, with Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the manner & costume of the 1950s. It may be an acquired taste, but director & cast have been entirely professional about it. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

### ★ Misalliance

Shaw's comedy comes to theatrical life with the aeroplane crash—very well staged—on a conservatory. Thereafter it is extremely amusing, with specially good performances by Brian Cox, Elizabeth Spriggs, & Jane Lapotaire as the Polish acrobat. Barbican.

### ★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama relies less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (434 0909, cc 379 6433).

### The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, now in its 35th year, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

### ★ Penny for a Song

This blithe fantasy of English eccentrics on a day in Dorset 180 years ago, with a Napoleonic invasion possible (but not probable), is likely to last longer than any of John Whiting's darker plays. This, its third major production since 1951 & reverting to the original text, is one of the RSC's happiest productions. Howard Davies, the director, & his cast, enjoy everything, balloon, fire engine & all. Barbican.

### The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest musical, adapted from the famous story by Gaston Leroux, depends largely upon its run of theatrical effects in a production by Harold Prince. Michael Crawford is cast richly as the disfigured phantom of the catacombs. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (839 2244, cc 379 6131).

### Run for Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly at performance times, it is only the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

### School for Wives

Molière's comedy about a man's belief that an



ignorant & unworldly bride would not deceive him, in a translation by Robert David MacDonald. With David Ryall as Arnolphe & Julia Ford as Agnès. Lyttelton.

#### Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written this, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

#### Three Men on a Horse

Jonathan Lynn directs a revival of the play by George Abbot & John Cecil Holm about a timid & frugal man (played by Geoffrey Hutchings) who has an uncanny ability to pick winning horses. Cottesloe. National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

#### ★ Tons of Money

Alan Ayckbourn directs one of the most successful of the 1920s Aldwych farces about the financially embarrassed Aubrey Henry Maitland Allington. With Simon Cadell, Michael Gambon & Marcia Warren. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1986.

#### When I was a Girl I Used to Scream & Shout

Sharman Macdonald's laboriously-titled picture of a Scottish girl growing up, & her early inquiries into sex, suffers from its tiresomely tangled construction; but Julie Walters acts with spirit & the dramatist should develop. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc 379 6565).

#### ★★ Woman in Mind

In quality of invention & technical expertise Alan Ayckbourn's new play transcends any in the West End. It has the advantages of Ayckbourn's own direction & a rare cast, led by Julia McKenzie & Martin Jarvis. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED OCT, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

#### ★ Wonderful Town!

The revival of an amiable & often lively American musical—score by Leonard Bernstein—depends upon the sustained comic vitality of Maureen Lipman as one of the Ohio girls in New York, & upon Emily Morgan's charm as her sister. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

## FIRST NIGHTS

#### High Society

London première of a stage version of the celebrated film musical, now with Trevor Eve & Natasha Richardson. Richard Eyre directs. Opens Feb 25. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

#### Kiss Me Kate

The Royal Shakespeare Company try out Cole

Porter's musical version of *The Taming of the Shrew* in Stratford before bringing the show to London's Old Vic in May. Paul Jones plays Fred Graham/Petruchio & Nichola McAuliffe is Lilli Vanessi/Kate. Feb 10-Mar 7. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick (0789 295623, cc).

#### Lillian

Frances de la Tour gets a West End run for her one-woman show based on the writings of Lillian Hellman, which had a few single performances last autumn. Opens Feb 6. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P6.

#### A View From the Bridge

Michael Gambon & Elizabeth Bell play husband & wife in Arthur Miller's play. Alan Ayckbourn directs. Opens Feb 12. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

#### Yardsale/Whatever Happened to Betty Lemon?

Two plays written & directed by Arnold Wesker. The first is about a New York teacher's response to her husband leaving; the second concerns the response of an old lady to being nominated Handicapped Woman of the Year. Feb 17-Apr 4. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

## CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

#### ★ Boy Soldier (15)

Karl Francis dislikes the British Army presence in Northern Ireland & makes no bones of his position in this film about a young Welsh-speaking private made a scapegoat after a shooting incident. It is a serious, politically committed film, commissioned by S4C Television. Richard Lynch in the lead role is outstanding. Opens Jan 30. Metro, Rupert St, W1 (437 0757).

#### ★ Children of a Lesser God (15)

In a windswept institution on the Maine coast William Hurt is a gifted, prickly, unorthodox teacher of the deaf who falls in love with a mute played by Marlee Matlin, who is genuinely deaf, with a hauntingly beautiful face & large hard-working eyes. She & Hurt spark off each other in a manner that gives distinction to an otherwise conventional adaptation of Mark Medoff's play. Randa Haines directed. Opens Feb 27. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (200 0200, cc 240 7200); Cannons, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148), Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990). Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales in aid of the British Deaf Association & the Variety Club of Great Britain. Feb 26. Empire, Leicester Sq.

#### ★★ Crocodile Dundee (15)

Brilliantly funny performance by Paul Hogan as an all-Australian outbacker in New York, where he is raised to the status of rustic guru. REVIEWED DEC, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE JAN, 1987.

#### ★ The Fantasist (18)

Cultists know Robin Hardy for the 1973 film, *The Wicker Man*, a sinister Celtic occult fantasy. He has now written & directed an Irish thriller in which a country girl, soon after her arrival in Dublin, becomes involved with a multiple killer. Moira Harris is a refreshing new face, Timothy Bottoms plays her neigh-

bour & Christopher Cazenove the inspector on the case. Suspense is well-maintained. Opens Feb 27. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534).

#### Ferris Bueller's Day Off (15)

Matthew Broderick plays a smart high-school truant who, with two colleagues, takes off in a scarlet Ferrari for Chicago & turns the town upside down. Although John Hughes provides spectacular highlights such as Ferris taking over a big city parade, the asides to the audience are arch & irritating. Opens Feb 13. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (200 0200, cc 240 7200); Cannons, Fulham Rd, Bayswater, 89 Bishops Bridge Rd, W2 (229 4149), Edgware Rd, W2 (723 5901), Oxford St, W1 (636 0310).

#### Gothic (18)

Ken Russell's latest film, set in Switzerland in 1816, recounts the horrific events of a night when Shelley & his lover Mary Godwin arrive at the mansion of the exiled Lord Byron. With Natasha Richardson, Timothy Spall, Gabriel Byrne & Julian Sands. Opens Feb 27. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc).

#### Heartburn (15)

Mike Nichols directs Jack Nicholson & Meryl Streep in Nora Ephron's own story of her husband, a Washington columnist, cheating on the marriage. Nice social observations, but the film has an annoying superficiality

#### Judgment in Stone (18)

Canadian film, directed by Ousama Rawi, based on a novel by Ruth Rendell. Rita Tushingham plays an English girl who murders her father & escapes to Canada where she finds work as a housekeeper. Opens Feb 6. Cannon Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc); Odeon Kensington High St, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193).

#### ★ Just Between Friends (15)

Mary Tyler Moore is an upstanding housewife who strikes up a friendship with Christine Lahti, a newscaster she meets at her aerobics class, only to discover on the death of her husband, Ted Danson, that they were having an affair. The film, written & directed by Allan Burns, tastefully breaks through what could so easily have been maudlin nonsense. Opens Feb 6. Cannons, Panton St, SW1 (930 0631), Oxford St.

#### ★ A Love Bewitched (PG)

The third of Carlos Saura's films made with the flamenco dancer Antonio Gades is a stylized presentation of Manuel De Falla's *El Amor Brujo*. What follows is a four-handed story in which one man (Gades) is murdered, another (Juan Antonio Jimenez) goes wrongfully to jail & returns to woo the widow (Cristina Hoyos) who dances at night with her husband's ghost. The dancing is spectacular and Saura injects tremendous excitement into the ensemble scenes.

#### The Mosquito Coast (PG)

Harrison Ford is always interesting, even when riding a loser. Here he plays Allie Fox, a driven man who drops out from the decadent old USA & carts his wife (Helen Mirren) & family off to live in a hostile jungle, where he expends a lot of effort building an ice-making plant for natives who have lived for centuries without needing such a thing. Fox, the creation of Paul Theroux, is probably better in the novel. In Peter Weir's film he becomes a tiresome, egocentric, dangerous bore. Opens Feb 5. Odeon Haymarket, SW1 (839 7697, cc). Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales in aid of The Prince's Trust. Feb 4.

## TOP CHOICE

### CINEMA

#### The Fly (18)

This highly accomplished remake of Charles E. Pogue's 1958 horror fantasy about a scientist whose experiment mixes up his molecules with those of a housefly establishes its director, David Cronenberg, in the mainstream of cinema. Opens Feb 13. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

REVIEW ON P57.

#### Peggy Sue Got Married (15)

Francis Coppola has made a commendable film, with Kathleen Turner excellent in the title role, revisiting her high school days. REVIEWED JAN, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE JAN, 1987.

#### The Name of the Rose (18)

Umberto Eco's best-selling book, a medieval mystery in a cloistered central European setting, has been filmed by Jean-Jacques Annaud in a darkly mystical manner. Sean Connery raises the gloom with his portrayal of William of Baskerville, a visiting English monk who anticipates Sherlock Holmes in solving crimes by deduction, thus coming into conflict with F. Murray Abraham, a travelling inquisitor with a fully-equipped torture wagon.

#### Raw Deal (18)

Arnold Schwarzenegger is once more a humourless killing machine in this hackneyed thriller. The ultimate bloody shootout, in which he destroys an entire mob of criminals while remaining unscathed, is an insult to filmgoers. Directed by John Irvin.

#### ★★ The Sacrifice (15)

In Andrei Tarkovsky's remarkable film Erland Josephson plays a professor who renounces his possessions to avert the ultimate catastrophe, a nuclear holocaust. REVIEWED OCT, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE JAN, 1987.

#### Short Circuit (PG)

John Badham's film has a sophisticated robot breaking loose from a defence test & taking refuge with Ally Sheedy in her home. Its inventor, Steve Guttenberg, frantically endeavours to prevent his maverick creation from being destroyed by military dunderheads.

#### ★ Walls of Glass (15)

Philip Bosco is excellent as an aging New York cab driver with yearnings to be a Shakespearean actor. Separated from his wife, he is concerned with the upbringing of his sons & her compulsive gambling. Fine performances from Linda Thorson as his girlfriend & Geraldine Page as his mother. Scott Goldstein's film has a pleasing originality & a mature leading man hitherto unseen on the screen.

#### When the Wind Blows (PG)

John Mills & Peggy Ashcroft provide the voices of Jim & Hilda Bloggs in this animated version of Raymond Briggs's treatise against nuclear war. Opens Feb 6. Cannons, Haymarket, Oxford St, Chelsea; Camden Plaza, 211 Camden High St, NW1 (485 2443).

#### Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.



## TOP CHOICE

### THEATRE

#### King Lear

Anthony Hopkins admirably conveys the power of the despotic king in David Hare's production. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEW ON P57.

#### Mr & Mrs Nobody

Judi Dench & Michael Williams are gloriously at ease as Mr & Mrs Pooter in Keith Waterhouse's ingenious play, drawn from George & Weedon Grossmith's *The Diary of a Nobody*. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (379 6107, cc). REVIEWED JAN, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE JAN, 1987.



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## MUSIC

### BARDICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

**Stravinsky Plus.** A celebration of Stravinsky's contribution to 20th-century music, notably between 1910 and 1945. London Symphony Orchestra, in six concerts conducted by Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, perform *The Firebird*, *Petrushka*, *The Rite of Spring*, *The Soldier's Tale*, *Violin Concerto*, *Symphony in Three Movements*, in the context of works dating from the same year by his contemporaries. Jan 29, Feb 12, 7.45pm, Feb 1, 8, 15, 22, 7.30pm. Musicians from the Guildhall School play Stravinsky in lunchtime concerts. Feb 6, 11, 19, 1pm. Songmakers' Almanac perform songs from 1906-1913. Feb 20, 1pm.

**English Chamber Orchestra.** Philip Ledger conducts Handel, Mozart & Vivaldi. Feb 11, 7.45pm.

**Hallé Orchestra.** Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4, with Rudolf Buchbinder as soloist, & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 4. Feb 16, 7.45pm.

**Bernard d'Ascoli**, piano, plays Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* & works by Ravel & Debussy. Feb 18, 1pm.

**English Chamber Orchestra.** George Malcolm celebrates his 70th birthday by conducting the complete Brandenburg Concertos by Bach. Feb 18, 7.45pm.

**City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra.** Simon Rattle conducts Schoenberg's *Five Pieces for Orchestra*, Brahms's Piano Concerto No 2, with André Watts as soloist, & Sibelius's Symphony No 5. Feb 19, 7.15pm.

**City of London Sinfonia.** Igor Oistrakh, violin/viola, & Valery Oistrakh, violin, are the soloists in Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* for Violin & Viola & in Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto*, under Richard Hickox. Feb 21, 8pm.

**Daniel Barenboim**, piano, plays an all-Chopin programme on his only London appearance this season. Feb 22, 3pm.

**Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment.** Haydn, Mozart & Beethoven played on original instruments conducted by Sigiswald Kuijken. Feb 27, 7.45pm.

### FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**BBC Symphony Orchestra.** Gunter Wand conducts Mozart's Symphony No 40 & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 6 (*Pathétique*). Feb 4, 7.30pm.

**Philharmonia Orchestra.** Andrew Davis conducts three concerts. An all-Beethoven programme with Ken Noda as soloist in the Piano Concerto No 1. Feb 6, 7.30pm. Haydn's *Creation*, with the Philharmonia Chorus. Feb 8, 7.30pm. Works by Dvořák & Nielsen. Feb 10, 7.30pm.

**Amadeus Quartet.** Schubert's Quartet in D minor (*Death & the Maiden*) & Quintet in C, with Robert Cohen, cello. Feb 8, 3.15pm.

**John Ogdon's 50th birthday celebrations.** The pianist plays the solo part in his own Piano Concerto & works by Brahms & Rachmaninov, with the London Philharmonic under John Lubbock. Feb 9, 7.30pm.

**King of Instruments Organ Recitals.** Ewald Kooiman of Amsterdam plays Buxtehude & Bach, Feb 4 (*Queen Elizabeth Hall*); Daniel Roth of Paris plays works by organists of St Sulpice, Feb 11; Peter Hurford of St Albans plays Buxtehude, Feb 18; Nicolas Kynaston of London plays Bach/Reger, Alain,

For further information:

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Verne, Feb 25; 5.55pm.

**Loyal Philharmonic Orchestra.** Witold Lutoski conducts Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, with Paul Tortelier as soloist, & Rimsky-Korsakov's Sheherazade. Feb 18, 7.30pm.

**Crystian Zimmerman**, piano. Schubert, Chopin, Schumann. Feb 15, 3.15pm.

**San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.** Isaac Stern is the soloist in Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No 1, which is followed by Brahms's Symphony No 1, both under Herbert Blomstedt. Feb 16, 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus & Singers.** Peter Eötvös conducts the first British performance of Xenakis's *Nekyia* & works by Bartók & Ligeti. Feb 18, 7.30pm.

**Loyal Philharmonic Orchestra.** James Galway is the soloist in Nielsen's Flute Concerto, under Ulrich Meyer-Schoellkopf, who also conducts Sibelius's Finlandia & Mahler's Symphony No 4. Feb 22, 7.30pm.

**Glyndebourne Festival Opera.** Concert performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bernard Haitink. Cast includes Claudio Desderi, Gianna Rolandi, Richard Stilwell, Felicity Lott. Feb 27, 6.30pm.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**The Beethoven Experience.** A weekend of music, talks & discussion centred on Beethoven's Symphony No 9, with the London Classical Players, the Schütz Choir of London & soloists, under the artistic direction of Roger Norrington. Feb 6, 7pm-Feb 8, 7pm.

**John Vallier**, piano. Chopin. Feb 9, 7.45pm.

**Leipzig Gewandhaus Bach Orchestra.** Gerhard Bosse directs an all-Bach programme. Feb 15, 7.15pm.

**The King's Consort.** Robert King directs from the keyboard of the chamber organ works by Purcell, A. Scarlatti, Clarke, Buxtehude, Pergolesi, with James Bowman, counter-tenor. Feb 20, 7.45pm.

**Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields.** Kenneth Sillito directs Haydn & Mozart, with Andrew Marriner as soloist in Mozart's Clarinet Concerto. Feb 26, 7.45pm.

#### ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**Victorian Evening.** Robert Tear, tenor, & Benjamin Luxon, baritone, accompanied at the piano by John Constable, recall a bygone era with their programme of Victorian ballads, duets & songs. Feb 3, 8pm.

**Orchestra of the Royal Opera House**, conducted by Bernard Haitink, in the first of a series of concerts on stage in a specially designed acoustic shell. The programme includes a Mozart aria & a motet sung by Kathleen Battle, soprano, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 5. Feb 12, 14, 8pm.

#### ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061, cc).

**Jorge Bolet**, piano. Lunchtime recital devoted to Grieg & Rachmaninov. Feb 2, 1pm.

**Endymion Ensemble.** John Whitfield conducts music by Ligeti, McCabe, Ravel, Schoenberg. Feb 4, 7.30pm.

**Lindsay Quartet.** A lunchtime concert devoted to quartets by Wirén & Beethoven. Feb 9, 1pm.

**Midsummer Opera.** David Roblou conducts Cavalli's *Erismena*, produced by Alan Privett. Feb 12, 7pm.

**Melvyn Tan**, fortepiano. A lunchtime Schubert recital. Feb 16, 1pm.

**Choir of New College, Oxford.** Edward Higginbottom conducts music by Poulenc, Josquin, de Mantua, Vaughan Williams. Feb 19, 7.30pm.

**St James's Baroque Players.** Ivor Bolton directs four Harpsichord Concertos by Bach from the keyboard. Feb 20, 7.30pm.

#### WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

**Sunday Morning Coffee Concerts.** The Lute Group play songs & dances from 17th-century England, France & Italy, Feb 1; Brodsky Quartet & Anner Bylisma, cello, play Webern & Schubert, Feb 8; Stephen Hough, piano, plays Scarlatti, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Feb 15; Alan Ewing, bass, & Gabrieli Players perform Monteverdi, Carissimi, Frescobaldi, Piccinini. Feb 22; 11.30am. Coffee, squash or sherry served after the concert.

**Alban Berg Quartet.** Schubert, Shostakovich, Beethoven. Feb 7, 7.30pm.

**Daniel Blumenthal**, piano. Beethoven, Weber, Debussy. Feb 10, 7.30pm.

**Medici Quartet.** Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven. Feb 11, 7.30pm.

**Gervase de Peyer**, clarinet, **Gwenneth Pryor**, piano. The distinguished clarinetist plays works premiered by or dedicated to him and his partner: Handel, Rózsa, Cave, Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Horowitz. Feb 12, 7.30pm.

**Oistrakh Trio: Igor Oistrakh**, violin, viola, **Valery Oistrakh**, violin, **Leonid Block**, piano. Valery Oistrakh makes his British debut with his father in works by Bach, Brahms, Prokofiev, Ysaÿe, Sarasate. Feb 14, 7.30pm.

**Consort of Musicke.** Anthony Rooley directs an exploration of chromatic music in the circles around Gesualdo. Feb 18, 7.30pm.

**Nash Ensemble.** Continue their East of Vienna series with music by Beethoven, Peter Eben, Smetana, Dvořák, Brahms, with Felicity Palmer, mezzo-soprano. Feb 21, 7.30pm.

**Jennifer Smith**, soprano, **Stephen Varcoc**, baritone, **Graham Johnson**, piano. Excerpts from Wolf's Spanisches Liederbuch, songs by Schumann, Jensen, Brahms. Feb 25, 7.30pm.

**Janet Baker**, mezzo-soprano, **William Bennett**, flute, **Julian Bream**, lute, **Yehudi Menuhin**, violin, **George Malcolm**, harpsichord & piano. A 70th-birthday tribute to George Malcolm: Bach, Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Beethoven, Schubert. Feb 28, 7.30pm.

## OPERA

#### ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

**Carmen.** David Pountney's new production, set in a used-car dump, with Sally Burgess as Carmen. Jan 21, 24. REVIEW ON P.58

**The Queen of Spades.** Alan Woodrow sings Hermann, Janice Cairns is Lisa & Sarah Walker repeats her striking portrayal of the Countess. Jan 23, 27, 30, Feb 5, 12.

**Tosca.** Jonathan Miller's new, up-dated production, with Josephine Barstow as Tosca, Eduardo Alvares as Cavaradossi, Neil Howlett as Scarpia. Jan Latham-Koenig conducts. Jan 28, 31, Feb 4, 6, 10, 13, 18, 21, 25.

★**Faust.** Revival of Ian Judge's revitalizing production, with Helen Field as Marguerite, Arthur Davies as Faust & the Danish bass Ulrik Cold making his ENO debut as Mephistopheles. Jacques Delacôte conducts. Feb 7, 11, 14, 20, 24, 27.

★**The Mikado.** Jonathan Miller's hit pro-



Costume design by Deidre Clancy for New Sadler's Wells Opera's *Ruddigore*.

duction, with Eric Idle agreeably outrageous as Ko-Ko. Feb 19, 28 m & e.

#### NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

**Ruddigore.** New production by Ian Judge, marking the work's 100th anniversary, with Marilyn Hill Smith, Linda Ormiston, Gordon Sandison, David Hillman. Set designs are by Gerard Howland. Feb 19, 20, 21 m & e, 25.

**The Count of Luxembourg.** Revival of Nigel Douglas's production, with John Brecknock, Eiddwen Harthy, Helen Kucharek, Joan Davies, Tudor Davies. Barry Wordsworth conducts. Feb 26, 27, 28 m & e.

#### ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

★**Lucia di Lammermoor.** American soprano June Anderson sings the title role, with Dennis O'Neill (Jan 22)/Alfredo Kraus as Edgardo & Alberto Rinaldi as Enrico. Jan 22, 28, 31. REVIEW ON P.58.

**Otello.** Plácido Domingo sings Otello with Katia Ricciarelli as Desdemona & Justino Diaz as Iago. Carlos Kleiber conducts. Jan 23, 26.

**Der Rosenkavalier.** Felicity Lott & Ann Murray sing the Marschallin & Octavian; Hans Sotin & Barbara Bonney return as Ochs & as Sophie. Jan 24, 27, 30, Feb 2, 5, 7.

**Norma.** Margaret Price makes a long-awaited return to sing the title role in a new production by John Copley, conducted by John Pritchard. Adalgisa is sung by Alicia Nafé, Pollione by Giuseppe Giacomini. Feb 10, 16, 23, 28. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P.10.

**Die Zauberflöte.** Further performances with Robin Leggate as Tamino, Angela Maria Blasi as Pamina, Mikael Melbye as Papageno, Robert Lloyd as Sarastro. Feb 19, 24, 27.

#### SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

**The Flying Dutchman. The Marriage of Figaro. From the House of the Dead.** Jan 27-Mar 7.

## BALLET

#### LONDON CITY BALLET

Arts Theatre, Cambridge (0223 35200, cc 0223 316421). Feb 2-7.

Theatre Royal, Brighton (0273 28488, cc). Feb 9-14.

Hexagon, Reading (0734 591591, cc). Feb 16-21.

Festival Theatre, Chichester (0243 781312, cc). Feb 23-28.

**Giselle**, new production by Galina Samsova with designs by Peter Farmer, using the Coralli/Perrot choreography; with Jack Carter's **Three Dances to Japanese Music.** ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**Triple bill:** *Young Apollo*, rework of Bintley's ballet on the theme of the god's progress to immortality, set to Britten; *Beauty & the Beast*, Wayne Eagling's relation of the fairy tale is full of sound & fury but signifies little choreographically. The Vangelis score & Pienkowski designs do not save it; *Gloria*, MacMillan's deeply moving elegy, accompanied by Poulenc's sublime music, for the wasted youth of the 1914-18 war. Feb 4.

**The Sleeping Beauty**, imperishable classic in a straightforward production supervised by Ninette de Valois. Feb 6, 9, 11, 13, 18.

**La Fille mal gardée**, pastoral joy seasoned with wit by Ashton, enhanced by Osbert Lancaster's designs & Hérold's light-hearted score. Feb 20, 21 m & e, 25, 26.

#### SCOTTISH BALLET

Playhouse, Edinburgh (031-557 2590, cc). Feb 4-7.

Grand Opera House, Belfast (0232 241919, cc 0232 247728). Feb 10-14.

**Cinderella**, Peter Darrell's production, danced to the Rossini score.

#### SPRING LOADED

The Place, 17 Duke's Road, WC1 (387 0031, cc).

New work in contemporary dance performed by 19 different companies in a variety of styles. Feb 9-Mar 28.

## GALLERIES

#### BARBICAN CENTRE

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

**Athena Art Awards 1987.** More than 100 of the 2,000 entries for Britain's largest art prize, winners to be announced Feb 10. Feb 11-Mar 8. Concourse Gallery. Mon-Sat 11am-8pm, Sun noon-8pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P.7.

**Russian Style 1700-1920: Court & Country Dress From the Hermitage.** A display of 300 items from the Hermitage costume collection which was started just after the October 1917 Revolution. Until Apr 26. Art Gallery. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

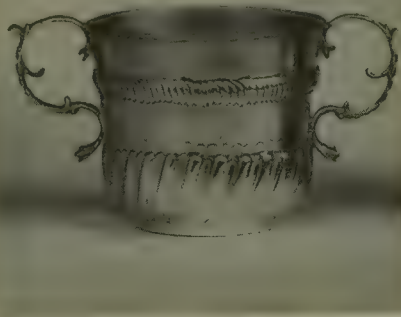
**Working With Light—Stained Glass.** Eighteen of Europe's leading stained glass artists with their new approaches to glass in architecture. Feb 11-Mar 8. Foyer, Level 5. Mon-Sat 9am-11pm, Sun noon-11pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P.9.

#### CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE

Arkwright Rd, NW3 (435 2643/5224).

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## GALLERIES continued

### CONNAUGHT BROWN

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**Robin Ball, 1910-79.** Another near-forgotten British artist is brought back into the limelight. The most interesting aspect of Robin Ball's work, though he was not an official war artist, is what he did during the Second World War. Comparisons can be made with Nevinson, Roberts, Stanley Spencer &, on a somewhat lesser plane, Edward Ardizzone. Until Feb 14. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm.

### COURTAULD INSTITUTE GALLERY

Woburn Sq, WC1 (580 1015).

**Peter Paul Rubens: Deposition—A Closer Look.** This investigation of Rubens's materials & technique for the *Descent from the Cross* altarpiece in the Courtauld Gallery shows how infra-red photography & X-rays help the art conservator. Feb 18-Apr 26. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

### CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811).

**Eric Ravilious.** The only war artist to be killed in action during the Second World War, Ravilious now seems to sum up the flavour of the 1930s in Britain. His clever stylizations were particularly well suited to printmaking & to the decorative arts—his designs for Wedgwood are outstanding. Until Mar 29. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

### NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

**Director's Choice: Selected Acquisitions 1973-86.** A tribute to the Gallery's departing director, Sir Michael Levey, which does indeed demonstrate how shrewdly he has guided the Gallery's purchasing policy. Until Feb 15. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

### NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

**Elizabeth II.** An exhibition to celebrate the Queen's 60th birthday including the fine portrait by Michael Leonard. Until Mar 22.

**The General Strike.** A documentary exhibition devoted to a traumatic episode in British 20th-century history; the effects can still be felt 60 years later. Until Feb 22. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

### RICHARD POMEROY GALLERY

The Birdseed Building, Jacob St Studios, Mill St, SE1 (information 737 1240).

**Opening Exhibition.** One always marvels at the boundless optimism which leads people to open new galleries of contemporary art. This time the location is just on the south side of Tower Bridge & the opening show features young artists, all recent graduates from leading British art schools, who have studios in the neighbourhood. Worth a visit. Feb 12-Mar 7. Wed-Sat 11am-7.30pm.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

**British Art in the 20th Century: The Modern Movement & After.** Modernist painting & sculpture from Sickert & Wyndham Lewis to Henry Moore, David Hockney & many others. FEATURED JAN. 1987. Until Apr 5. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.75, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2.50, children £1.75.

### SOUTH BANK CENTRE

Royal Festival Hall foyer, South Bank, SE1 (928 3002).

**Mervyn Peake (1911-68).** A celebration of the artist, poet & author; includes letters &

poems, drawings & hitherto unseen oil paintings. Feb 16-Apr 12. Daily 10am-10pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

### TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

**British & American Pop Art.** A contrast of sources, styles & techniques with work by Peter Blake, Patrick Caulfield, Richard Hamilton, Andy Warhol & others. Until June.

**The Lipchitz Gift.** For a long time Lipchitz, & especially the later Lipchitz, has been a profoundly unfashionable sculptor, despite the key role he played in the history of the modern movement. The Lipchitz Foundation has given the Tate a collection of more than 50 of the models for his sculptures, spanning every period of his work, which may do something to revive a reputation now somewhat in eclipse. Until May 10.

**Naum Gabo (1890-1977).** More than 100 works from the constructivist sculptor's estate. Gabo experimented with light & space by using "new" materials like transparent plastic. Feb 11-Apr 19.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. £2.50, concessions £1.

### WATERMANS ART GALLERY

40 High St, Brentford, Middx (568 1176).

**Mass Observation: The Facts Behind the Headlines.** The organization Mass Observation was founded 50 years ago by young intellectuals & artists who sought to investigate public attitudes. On view here are newspapers, diaries, photographs & films by past staff including William Coldstream, & Julian Trevelyan. Until Mar 29. Mon-Fri 12.30-8.30pm, Sat & Sun 11am-9pm.

## MUSEUMS

### BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

**Archaeology in Britain: New Views of the Past.** Achievements of the past 40 years are explained. Lindow Man, the 2,500 year-old "body from the bog", is a major attraction. Until Feb 15. £1.50, concessions 50p.

**Lost Worlds.** Includes the recently discovered Aslake world map, thought to be part of the first English modern world map. It was found on the inside of the binding of a 15th-century account book. Also on view is a fragment of map found in the archives of the Duchy of Cornwall. Drawn between 1325 and 75, it hints that modern sea charts reached England much earlier than previously believed & could help to explain the nation's maritime success. Until Mar 1.

**New Thracian Treasures From Rogozen, Bulgaria.** This is the largest hoard of individual silver items from antiquity ever found. Discovered in 1984, the 165 vessels have magnificent decoration. Until Mar 29. FEATURED DEC, 1986.

**Soldier-Artists in India.** Until the mid 19th century all British officers in India were trained to draw & paint in watercolour for military survey purposes. Many produced fine paintings. Until Mar 1.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

### GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 8368).

**Alan Caiger-Smith.** Caiger-Smith's work stands a little apart from that of most other craft potters in Britain, most notably in his use of difficult lustre glazes. This new exhibition provides a good survey of his achievement. Feb 13-May 3. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

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## NEW BRIDGE STEAM MUSEUM

Green Dragon Lane, Brentford, Middx (568 4757).

**South National Steam Boat Show.** Feb 28 & Mar 1, 10am-5pm; £1.60. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

## MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

**Sello Dolly.** A display of 200 dolls from the 18th century to the present. Until Apr 28. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

## NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

**Discovering Mammals.** Impish children will be well occupied in this lively new mammal section which includes life-sized models of extinct & endangered species & films of underwater mammals.

**Wading Birds.** A photographic exhibition by the American Philip Loring-Green. Feb 11-Mar 25.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

## SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456).

**Excellence in Engineering Design.** Taking the Rolls Royce aero engine as an example, this exhibition aims to show how important the engineer-designer is in employing the latest technology to achieve industrial success. Until Apr.

**From Earth, Air, Fire & Water.** A permanent gallery illustrating the development of the chemical industry.

**Exploration of Space.** Another permanent show, this one contains spacecraft dating from the earliest Chinese gunpowder rocket of c100 AD to today's space stations. On view are the American Scout rocket, 23m in length & suspended from the ceiling, the Apollo 10 capsule, Skylark (Britain's most successful rocket), a full-size Lunar Lander, & a reconstructed V2 of the Second World War.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

## VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

**Irving Penn.** The V & A's new 20th-century exhibition gallery opens with a show of Irving Penn's photographs. His fashion work first appeared in *Vogue* in the 1940s. Until Mar 8. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

## LECTURES

### MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

**London in the First World War: Archive film of life in Britain 1914-18.** Feb 6; *The First World War—the London Experience* by Diane Atkinson, Feb 13; *The Raising of Kit-chener's Army* by Peter Simkins, Feb 20; film, *Working at the Woolwich Arsenal in the First World War*, Feb 27; 1.10pm.

### NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

### Platform performances:

**Bright Spark.** John P. Michelson's story about a rioter arrested for setting fire to a car. Lyttelton, Feb 3, 5, 10, 6pm. £2.

**The Ballad of the Mignonette.** The four-man crew of *Mignonette* suffered a shipwreck in 1884. When rescued, the three survivors stood trial for murder. Devised by Graham Sinclair. Olivier, Feb 6, 16, 18, 5.45pm. £2. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P9.

**Short plays by Beckett.** *Ohio Impromptu*, *Come & Go*, *A Piece of Monologue* & *Catastrophé*. Lyttelton, Feb 12, 6pm. £2.

**Mere Soup Songs.** A tale of two couples by

Alan Ayckbourn & Paul Todd. Lyttelton, Feb 13, 14, 20, 21, 11pm. £4.

**Beaton but Unbowed.** Norman Beaton talks about his work. Cottesloe, Feb 17, 6pm. £2.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

**British Art in the 20th Century: Lunch-time lectures.** *Modern Sculpture in England 1900-40* by Ben Read, Feb 3; *A Kind of Truth: Abstract British Art 1920s-1930s* by Lynne Green, Feb 10; *Auerbach & Freud: Modern Old Masters of the School of London* by Colin Wiggins, Feb 17; *Just What is it that Makes British Pop Art so Different, so Appealing?* by Dr Graham Witham, Feb 24. All at 1pm.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

8 John Adam St, WC2 (930 5115).

**American Exchange Lecture: Our Aging British & American Societies: People & Politics** by Alan Pifer, Feb 4; *The European Year of the Environment* by Stanley Clinton-Davies, Feb 12; *Britain's Industrial Crisis: Sacred Cows or Real Solutions?* by Geoffrey Chandler CBE, Feb 18; *The Fine Art of Food* by Prue Leith, Feb 25.

**Re-Inventing the Place of Work:** a series of three lectures. *Lifestyles, Innovation & the Distribution of Work* by Professor J. I. Gershuny, Feb 9; *Homeworking—a Company Without Offices* by Mrs V. S. Shirley, Feb 16; *The Future of Work—the New Agenda* by Professor Charles Handy MBA, Feb 23.

All at 6pm. Tickets free from Carole Singleton.

### SOUTH BANK CENTRE

Royal Festival Hall, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Articulations.** Michael Wilcox talks about survival as a playwright after 12 years in the business, Feb 4; *Richard Demarco: Edinburgh & its Festival:* a review of 40 years of the Festival by the man who introduced contemporary visual arts into it in 1967. Feb 17. Both in the Purcell Room at 6pm. £1.50, concessions 50p.

**National Trust winter illustrated lecture series.** *In the Spirit of Nature—A View of the Lake District & Cottages* by Susan Denyer, Feb 2; *A Garden of Roses* by Graham Thomas, Feb 9; *Bricks & Mortar—the Environment & the Media* by John Drummond, Feb 16. All in the Purcell Room at 6pm. £2.50.

**Première of RSPB Wildlife Films** on puffins, the RSPB in Wales, Operation Roseate (the roseate tern is Britain's rarest seabird), & nests. Feb 28, Royal Festival Hall, 3pm. £2.60-£3.80.

## SALEROOMS

### BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

**Crufts Week Sale.** *Geannie*, a portrait of Queen Victoria's favourite spaniel, should fetch £2,000-£4,000. Also of interest are a rare portrait of a pair of Belgian griffin dogs (£300-£400), a pair of portraits of greyhounds by Henry Barraud (£5,000-£8,000), two Scotch deerhounds by Charles Hancock (£5,000-£8,000) & a study of a bulldog by Philip Reinagle. Feb 16, 6pm.

### CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

**English, Foreign & Ancient Coins.** Main sale of the month features a sixpence which was one of the earliest struck for the English colonies in America; it should fetch £5,000. Issued c1616, & known as hogge money, ➡

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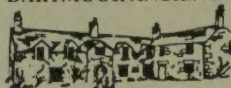
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## SALEROOMS cont.

it was circulated in the Sommer Islands (now  
Bermuda) which were at that time overrun  
with hogs & so the coins were made depicting  
a pig on the obverse. Feb 17, 10am.

**Victorian Pictures.** Mostly landscapes &  
rural scenes including Heywood Hardy's *The  
Bruised Foot* (£10,000-£15,000), Walter  
Waller Caffyn's *Helmbury Hill* (£3,000-  
£5,000), & James Peel's *Commending the  
Mill Wheel* (£3,000-£5,000). Feb 13, 11am.

#### CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

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much printed Staffordshire (blue & white  
ware). Feb 9, 2pm.

**Decorative Arts.** A 10½ inch Martinware  
stoneware tobacco jar inscribed by the  
Martin Brothers, 1890, should fetch £3,000-  
£5,000. Other lots of Lalique & Gallé glass,  
Art Nouveau furniture & Art Deco bronze &  
ivory figures. Feb 20, 10.30am & 2pm.

#### PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim-St, W1 (629 6602).

**Valentine Cards, Postcards & Cigarette  
Cards.** About 100 Valentine cards are offered  
dating from the late 18th century to the  
1930s. A set of Art Deco cards from the 1930s  
are unused (£40-£50 the lot). Feb 11, noon.

SEE HIGHLIGHTS P10.

**Modern Continental Paintings.** Im-  
pressionist works include a study of a female  
nude by Marie Raymond (£1,000-£2,000) &  
a view of the Seine by Fritz Thaulon showing  
moored barges (£5,000-£7,000). A fine  
drawing of a Jewish boy by Mané Katz should  
fetch £500-£700 & there are plenty of other  
drawings & sculptures. Feb 24, 11am.

#### SOTHEBY'S

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tumes.** Top-class toys made in the German  
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nought*, c1912, 38 inches long (£12,000-  
£15,000). Among the costumes is a royal  
blue, silk georgette evening gown which  
belonged to the late Duchess of Windsor  
(£600-£1,000), & a pair of Dame Margot  
Fonteyn's ballet shoes (£100-£200). Feb 10,  
10.30am & 2.30pm.

**Drawings, Watercolours & Paintings  
from the Collection of the late Sir John  
& Lady Witt.** British watercolours & draw-  
ings, 1650-1950, Old Master drawings from  
Italy & Northern Europe, & 19th- & 20th-  
century Continental drawings. Major works  
by Constable, Gainsborough, Gauguin; Italian  
Old Master drawings by Veronese, Parmigian-  
ino & others. Feb 19, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

**English Furniture.** Highlights are a set of  
three George III giltwood armchairs attrib-  
uted to Thomas Chippendale (£15,000-  
£20,000 a pair, £5,000-£7,000 the single  
chair), a pair of late George II giltwood &  
papier mâché girandoles, c1755 (£7,000-  
£10,000), & a pair of George II white & gilt-  
wood stools, c1740 in the style of William  
Kent (£4,000-£6,000).

## SPORT

#### ATHLETICS

**Hungary v Great Britain,** Budapest.  
Feb 7, 8.

**Provincial Insurance Cross-Country  
Championships:** women, Bexley, Kent. Feb  
14; men, Luton, Beds. Feb 21.

**European Indoor Championships,** Lievin,  
France. Feb 21, 22.

#### DARTS

**Dry Blackthorn Cider Masters' finals,**  
Queen Elizabeth Hall, Oldham. Feb 2-4.

**MFI World Pairs,** The Paddocks, Canvey  
Island, Essex. Feb 13, 14.

#### FENCING

**De Beaumont Cup,** ladies' foil inter-  
national, de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham  
Rd, W14. Jan 31, Feb 1.

**Leon Paul Cup,** men's foil international, de  
Beaumont Centre. Feb 7, 8.

#### HORSE RACING

**Gainsborough Handicap Steeplechase,**  
Sandown Park, Esher, Surrey. Feb 7.

**Tote Placepot Hurdle,** Kempton Park,  
Sunbury-on-Thames, Surrey. Feb 28.

**Point-to-point season starts.** Feb 7.

#### NETBALL

**England v Scotland,** Thong Lane Sports  
Centre, Gravesend, Kent. Feb 21.

#### RUGBY

**Ireland v England,** Dublin; **France v  
Wales,** Paris. Feb 7.

**England v France,** Twickenham; **Scotland  
v Ireland,** Edinburgh. Feb 21.

#### SNOOKER

**Benson & Hedges Masters' Tournament,**  
Wembley Conference Centre. Jan 25-Feb 1.

**Dulux British Open final,** Assembly  
Rooms, Derby. Feb 15-Mar 1.

**Contributors:** Angela Bird, Margaret  
Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry,  
Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C.  
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**The Derby,** Epsom, June 3. Tickets for  
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retary's Office, United Racecourses Ltd,  
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**Glyndebourne Festival Opera.** For  
details of the 1987 Festival send sae to  
the Information Secretary, Glyndebourne  
Festival Opera, Lewes, East Sussex BN8  
5UU. Postal booking opens on Mar 31.

**Golf: Open Championship,** Muirfield,  
Edinburgh, July 16-19. Season tickets  
covering the four competition days &  
four practice days (July 12-15) are £37  
until May 31; thereafter the price in-  
creases. Write for ticket application form  
to Department 00, Royal & Ancient Golf  
Club, St Andrew's, Fife, Scotland, KY16  
9JD.

**Royal Opera House,** Covent Garden  
(240 1066, 240 1911 cc). Telephone  
booking from Feb 2 for *Ariadne auf Naxos*  
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**MIDDLE TAR** As defined by H.M. Government  
**Warning: MORE THAN 30,000 PEOPLE DIE EACH  
YEAR IN THE UK FROM LUNG CANCER**  
Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers